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THE  
**GRAPHIC.**  
AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1899

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT  
"The Effect of Youthful Idleness"  
"The Fruits of Early Industry"

PRICE NINEPENCE  
By Post, 9½d.



The presence of the French Mediterranean Squadron at Villefranche excited much interest among the distinguished visitors on the Riviera, and Admiral Fournier's flagship *Brennus* was visited by Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duchess of York, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein.

ADMIRAL FOURNIER RECEIVING ROYAL VISITORS ON HIS FLAGSHIP "BRENNUS" AT VILLEFRANCHE

THE RIVIERA SEASON

## Topics of the Week

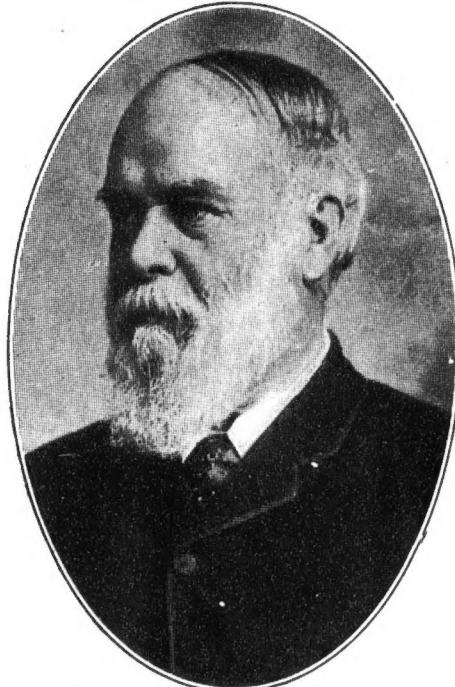
**A Peaceful Easter** THE Easter Holidays this year are being celebrated in a very appropriate atmosphere of Peace and Good Will. It is many years since the outlook abroad wore a more reassuring aspect. The last of a long series of crises disappeared the other day in the friendly settlement of the Niuchwang trouble with Russia, and statesmen and diplomats are now able for once to hie them to their Easter retreats without being haunted by pending questions which might at any moment develop into more or less serious crises. The recent visit of Mr. Rhodes to Berlin, following quickly on the avowal by Herr von Buelow of the existence of a secret treaty with England is a secure pledge of friendly relations in that quarter. Such relations with Germany ought, of course, to belong to the normal condition of things, but it is precisely because they do not—because it is not very long ago that the tendency seemed to have set decidedly in a contrary direction—that they are so gratifying at the present moment. More satisfactory because less expected is the state of our relations with France. For years the two countries have been on bad terms, and it is not many months since they were within an ace of flying at each other's throats. With the conclusion of the Nile Agreement on the 21st inst., however, the last serious menace to their friendly intercourse may be said to have been removed. Subjects of controversy still, of course, exists between them, but they are not of a nature to imperil their good relations, and moreover there is a strong desire on both sides to see them disappear. At any rate, for the present they do not press, and there is no longer any risk of perilous surprises in the field of activity common to the two nations. Even with the hereditary enemy, Russia, the talk is to-day all of peace. We are assured that one of the chief points in Lord Salisbury's Far Eastern policy has all along been an understanding with Russia, and it is further said that such an understanding is now well in sight. We have no reason to doubt the statement. There are potent forces in both countries which are making for a definite reconciliation. It should certainly not be impossible to secure in China a replica of the understanding which has now been in satisfactory operation on the Afghan frontier for a good many years. As for the idea that England and Russia are necessarily hostile to each other, it is based on a complete misunderstanding of history. Previously to the Crimean War the two countries had been for generations, not only friends, but allies, and there is no reason at the present day why they should not return to their ancient relations. Outside Europe there are also very gratifying indications of a more peaceful period in the foreign affairs of this country. Our relations with the United States never were more cordial than they are to-day. It is, of course, a pity that the recent Conference has not yet succeeded in solving all the outstanding questions of controversy between the two nations, but this is a diplomatic difficulty which finds no justification in the sentiment of the English and American peoples. What is of enduring importance is that recent events have impressed on the consciousness of England and America the supreme necessity of presenting a united front to the non-Anglo-Saxon world, and this feeling cannot be perceptibly modified because a dozen gentlemen sitting round a table at Quebec cannot arrive within a given time at an agreement on certain political problems. It is, of course, impossible to say with accuracy what the morrow may bring forth, but on the whole the aspect of the international horizon at the present moment is undeniably reassuring. Not the least hopeful sign is that when the Easter holidays are over the first great question which will meet politicians will be that of the Tsar's Conference on Disarmament. Whether that Conference will effect anything calculated to minimise the risk of war is doubtful, but the very fact that it has been convened, and that the invitations to it have been accepted with alacrity and sympathy, illustrates a growing intensification of the desire for a long spell of peace and quietness throughout the world.

If all goes well Khartoum will hear the shriek of the steam horse next November. Railhead is already fifty miles south of the Atbara, and as there are no engineering difficulties of much moment to be overcome, the rest of the line should be rapidly constructed. But beyond Khartoum the obstacles are so serious that it almost seems doubtful whether this link of the "Cape to Cairo" chain will ever be fitted in. While the White Nile is so blocked with "sudd" as to be impenetrable even by steamers, except during a short season, both sides are bestrewn with quagmires. Consequently railway materials would have to be transported by land, and the line itself must be taken away some distance from the river to avoid the marshes. Slatin Pasha believes, however, that if a passage were once cleared for steamers through the "sudd," their passing to and fro would suffice to keep it open. Be that as it may, Mr. Rhodes will, it is clear, have to wait a good many years for the full realisation of his "dream." He appears to have come to an understanding with the Kaiser about the "missing link" between Tanganyika and the Uganda Protectorate. But the Emperor cannot give him either help or hindrance in the Upper Nile Valley, nor will the

just tribute paid by Slatin Pasha to Mr. Rhodes—"although a self-made man, he is no *parvenu* who exploits those in his service regardless of their interests"—be of any use for the removal of the detestable water-weed.

The Late Mr. Birket Foster

MR. BIRKET FOSTER, the well-known water-colour painter, who died on Monday night at Braeside, Weybridge, Surrey, had just completed his seventy-fourth year, having been born at North Shields on February 4, 1825. Very early he showed a strong artistic bent, and at sixteen he became a pupil of Mr. E. Landells, the wood-engraver. He practised wood-engraving for a short time, and then, on the advice of Mr. Landells, turned to draughtsmanship, and started, soon after he had come of age, as an illustrator on his own account. In his early career he was a prolific illustrator, doing much for the *Illustrated London News*, besides books for children and books of poetry. Among others works he illustrated Longfellow's "Evangeline," Beattie's "Minstrel," and Goldsmith's poetical works. He was the illustrator of the volume on



THE LATE MR. BIRKET FOSTER, R.W.S.

English landscape which appeared in 1863, and for which Tom Taylor supplied the written matter. In 1858 Mr. Foster decided to change his line, and to take up water-colour painting. He was elected a member of the Water-Colour Society in 1860. Since then his name has become very prominent among those of contemporary English landscape painters in water-colours. Special mention may be made of his series of "Summer Scenes," photographs of his work published in 1867, and thirty-five sketches of Brittany, published in 1878. He was an honorary member of the Royal Academy of Berlin. Mr. Birket Foster was twice married; his second wife was Frances, daughter of Mr. Dawson Watson, and sister of the late J. D. Watson, the artist.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry.

## The Great Screen in Winchester Cathedral

THE Great Screen in Winchester Cathedral was unveiled last week. A model of the design was prepared by Mr. G. F. Bodley,



A.R.A., and the work was carried out by Messrs. Farmer and Brindley. The whole expense was borne by Canon Valpy as a memorial to his wife.—Our illustration is from a photograph by H. W. Salmon, Winchester.

## The Week in Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

UPON a principle made familiar in Charles Lamb's office the House of Commons, having sat for a briefer time than usual before Easter, went off for a holiday beyond the average in length. Easter falling early this year, the House has sat on thirty-six days only, as compared with sixty-one two years ago. *Per contra*, during the last ten years the Easter holidays have only once been extended in length. Nominally they range from Tuesday, March 22, to Monday, April 10. For many members, slaves to symmetry, even who instinctively shrink from breaking up the smooth rotation of a week, the Easter holidays will run the full fortnight.

The eve of the recess was marked by the turning of that long-trodden worm, the private member. Tuesday, the day of the adjournment, had been won at the ballot box's mouth by the advocates of Woman's Suffrage. They have for weeks been looking forward to a pleasant Saturnalia, in which Mr. Courtney might frolic, and into which, peradventure, the First Lord of the Treasury might be drawn. But Mr. Arthur Balfour could not love woman's rights so much if he loved not honour more. In his position as Leader of the House of Commons this sentiment compelled him to make the most of time and opportunity. Like every other ordered action the House of Commons can adjourn for long or short recess only upon motion formally put and carried. For all practical purposes there was no reason in the world why, on the risk of the House shortly after midnight on Monday, the adjournment might not have been moved till Monday, April 8. That would have saved the Speaker, the officials of the House, a contingent of Ministers, and a quorum of faithful Ministerialists the drudgery of staying in town to be in the House by noon on Tuesday.

Bold and burglarious, as Mr. Courtney describes Mr. Arthur Balfour in his reckless onslaughts on the time and privileges of private members, he shrank from this temptation. According to the rules that govern debate any question may be raised on the motion for the adjournment. There are no bounds to the opportunity. Mr. Wein having on Friday last, on the third reading of the Consolidated Fund Bill, discussed a dog, a tug, and some note-paper, might, on the motion for the adjournment, discourse at length on note-paper, a tug, and some dogs. So generous an opportunity is highly prized, and Mr. Balfour, *sapeur* of Parliamentary practice to whom no private member's business is sacred, shrank from this particular outrage.

All the same, he took Tuesday for the purpose of moving the adjournment over the holidays, leaving members to appropriate as much or as little of it as they pleased. It was this last straw that brought up Mr. Courtney bewailing the broken back of the private member. The weakness of the case and the strength of the Minister lie in the circumstance that beyond an immediate coterie interested in a particular question, the private member has no friends. Efforts continually made to combine him in an attack on the Government invariably fail. Every man, whose prized Tuesday or Wednesday is bagged by the Government, thinks he has a very hard case. He cannot get fellow-sufferers of last week or those who may suffer next week to make his special grievance a rallying ground. Mr. Balfour knows this of old, and with his customary quickness and force he, on Monday night, made use of the weakness to confound the champion of the rights of private members. He was quite willing, he told Mr. Courtney, to leave the question at issue to the arbitrament of private members. Uninfluenced by pressure of the Government Whips, the House should divide on the question whether it would meet at noon on Tuesday to prepare for the holiday adjournment, or whether, in deference to the rights of private members, it would meet at the usual hour in order that the women's rights men should have their motion debated. Private members laughed uneasily. Mr. Courtney was too wise to accept the challenge and take the division to which he was invited.

## The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race

A UNIVERSITY boat race is by no means over when the winning boat has passed the post at Mortlake, for then, with slightly more certainty than when the result was still in doubt, a chorus of criticism and speculation breaks out afresh. Speculation this year chiefly resolves itself into a wonder how it was that Oxford, of whom such high hopes had been formed and such opinions expressed at the beginning of their trials, had been so badly beaten; for there is little doubt that Cambridge could have converted their victory of three lengths into double or treble that distance if they had been so inclined. As it was they passed the post at a paddle, the extreme exertion having ceased when Oxford went under Barnes Bridge. What was the reason?—was it the choice of station? After a week's discussion it cannot help coming to the conclusion that it was not the reason than either of these. The Oxford men were fatigued, and the rumours of men in the bows fainting were statements. When a crew have rowed with the worst of the wind and generally behind, for four miles against a strong current, it is expected of them that one or two men should be fatigued; they would not have done their duty otherwise. The long record of Oxford victories on Saturday last, when Oxford rowed badly, but that Cambridge towed better, shows that the bridge crew of 1869 will rank with one or two others of the race as a "clinking" eight. In the actual race the encomiums passed in last week's *Graphic* upon Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7—and its weak point of an untried novice Gibbon rowed like a veteran to whom a storm is but a most familiar of experiences. After Hammersmith the winning race with the brilliancy of one who had least to slip a chance. Of the Cambridge crew as a whole, the most one can say is that they rowed a winning race, had never expected to row anything else.

## The Queen at Cimiez

EVEN in the sunny South the Queen has not escaped winter. The cold wave over Europe spread down to Nice, bringing snowstorms and rain to replace the lovely spring weather prevailing during Her Majesty's first days at Cimiez. However, the Queen is too indifferent to weather to give up her usual outings, and her custom of driving through the rain in an open carriage surprises the Southerners considerably. When long excursions were impossible Her Majesty has driven about in her donkey chair, spending one morning in inspecting the Roman ruins in the grounds of the villa Garin and another at the private Zoological Gardens close by, where the proprietress presented a huge ostrich egg. On fine afternoons the Royal party have been to the heights of St. Antoine for a favourite view, to Ariane, along the Villefranche road to the St. Jean bridge, and to Gairaut. Her Majesty has also driven several times to Fabron for tea with the Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, who frequently comes to lunch with the Queen. As soon as the weather is favourable Her Majesty is going to Bordighera to spend the day with the Empress Frederick. Princess Beatrice has already been over to see her sister. The Princesses make frequent short excursions on their own account, going shopping *incog.* to Nice, while the Duchess of York and Princess Victoria have also visited M.S. *Venus* in harbour at Villefranche. The Duchess has now left Cimiez for home, her place being taken by Princess Christian, while the Royal party has also lost Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg, who has gone back to Germany. The Duke of Cambridge came over from Cannes to take leave of the Queen before starting for England, while there have been plenty of other visitors at the Hotel Regina, Her Majesty entertaining several local French officials at dinner.

Nothing makes the Queen more popular when abroad than her sympathy with those in trouble and sorrow. Thus Her Majesty delighted the Nigoi by her constant inquiries about M. Bardon, Prefect of the Alpes Maritimes, who died soon after her arrival, and her condolences with the widow. At the funeral Her Majesty was specially represented by her two equerries, the Prince of Wales, Princess Beatrice, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg also sending representatives, while the officers of the British cruiser *Venus* also attended. Indeed the funeral was a most imposing sight as the procession passed along through lines of troops to the church. Schoolchildren headed the procession, and the Bishop, in full vestments, walked before the hearse, which was followed by the mourners on foot, including many foreign officers and the whole Consular Corps.

With all their Republican sentiments, the Americans have the highest respect for Queen Victoria. It has been proposed at the New York Board of Aldermen that the National, State, and City flags should be hoisted over all public buildings on the Queen's birthday.

An interesting piece of renovation due to the Queen's command has been carried out in the Chapel Royal, Holyrood. The entrance to the Royal vault is now closed by a light oak door, with a brass plate recording the names of eight Kings, Queens, and Princes of the Scottish Royal House, whose resting-place was desecrated in 1688. These mortal remains of her Stuart ancestors were reverently collected and embotted by command of Queen Victoria.

With so many friends around him, the Prince of Wales is spending a very agreeable time at Cannes. The Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch and Countess Torby, as well as Countess Edmond de Poutalès, have given dinners in honour of the Prince, followed by receptions with music and theatricals. The Yacht Club also entertained the Prince at dinner after a golf match in the grounds, the evening concluding with a concert in aid of the victims of the late explosion at Toulon, which realised a goodly sum, thanks to the Prince's patronage. The Prince himself gave a dinner party one night at Monte Carlo and a luncheon at Beaulieu. He will not be home till after Easter. The Princess and her daughters have met with a rough time in the Mediterranean. They delayed leaving Villefranche owing to the bad weather, and when at last they started for Corsica the passage was so unpleasant that they put into Genoa to wait for an improvement. In the middle of her trip the Princess is going to Copenhagen for her father's eighty-first birthday, when most of the Danish King's children hope to be with him.

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For Particulars see Programmes, or address Superintendent of the Line, L.B. and S.C. Railway, London Bridge, S.E.

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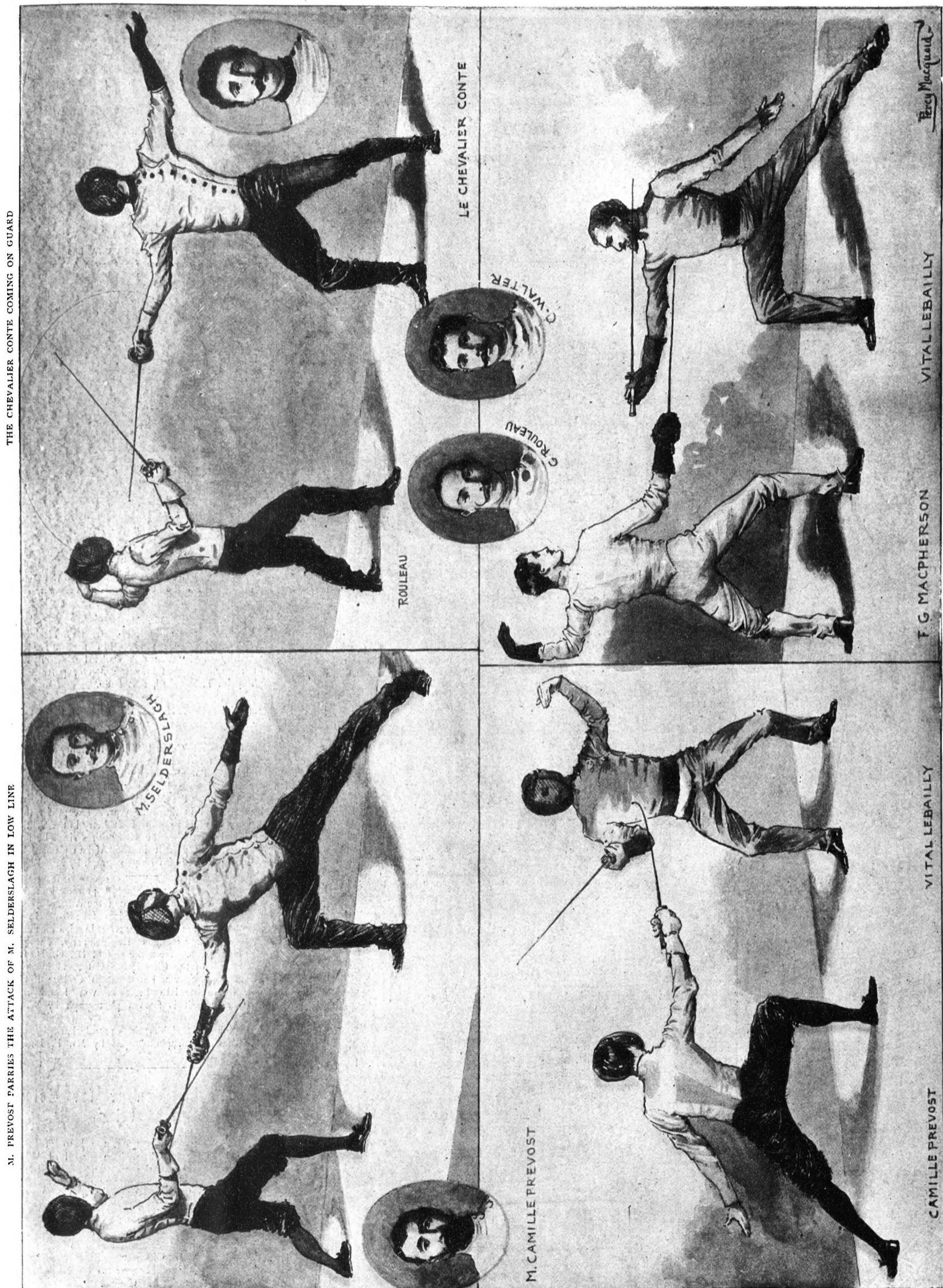
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## THE GRAPHIC



THE LATE REV. J. MACKENZIE  
South African Missionary and Administrator



THE LATE PRINCE LOEWENSTEIN  
Killed in action at Mani a



MR. ASTON WEBB  
New A.R.A.



SIR ARTHUR CHARLES  
New Judge of the Court of Arches



THE LATE DR. LEITNER  
Founder of the Oriental College



THE LATE REV. J. A. SPURGEON  
Vice-President of the Baptist Union



MR. LLEWELLYN LONGSTAFF  
Who has subscribed 25,000/- towards the  
Antarctic Expedition



LT.-COL. E. H. LE MARCHANT  
Shot dead by two Pathans at Peshawur

### Our Portraits

THE well-known Oriental scholar and linguist, Dr. Gottlieb William Leitner, has just died at Bonn. Dr. Leitner was born at Budapest, educated at Constantinople, Brussa, Malta, and King's College, London. He was the owner of the Oriental Institute at Woking, well known as a centre of Oriental learning and literature in this country, and specially designed to enable natives of the East of good family to preserve their religion or caste while residing here for educational purposes. Dr. Leitner founded over seventy institutions, including the Punjab University College, a number of schools of various grades, literary societies, and free public libraries in India, and elsewhere. Dr. Leitner discovered the languages and races of Dardistan in 1866, and incorporated other languages between Cabul, Cashmere, and Badakhshar in his researches. In the course of his career he had brought together a most interesting collection designed to illustrate ethnographically and numismatically the influence of Greek art when in contact with barbaric sculpture, whether Egyptian, Indian, Assyrian, or Persian. Dr. Leitner had been in weak health for some time past, but death came somewhat suddenly from an attack of inflammation of the lungs.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliot and Fry.

Mr. Aston Webb, architect, who has been elected to fill the vacant Associateship of the Royal Academy, is about fifty years of age. He is well known for his restoration of St. Bartholomew the Great, the design for the French Protestant Church, Soho, and his work in connection with the completion of South Kensington Museum, and the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. Again, in conjunction with Mr. E. Ingress Bell, he was architect of the Victoria Courts, Birmingham; the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall, and the new schools of Christ's Hospital. In 1884, Mr. Webb was elected President of the Architectural Association, and from 1893 to 1897 was Vice-President of the Royal Institute of British Architects.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Fred Hollyer.

The Rev. Dr. J. A. Spurgeon was a brother of the late Charles Haddon Spurgeon. He was Vice-President of the Baptist Union, and this year was to have been elected to the Presidential chair. He was pastor of West Croydon Baptist Chapel, treasurer of the Stockwell Orphanage, and will be greatly missed at the Pastor's College.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Russell and Sons.

Sir Arthur Charles has accepted the offer of the Archbishop of Canterbury of the appointment to the Judgeship of the Court of Arches in succession to Lord Penzance. The post carries with it the Judgeship of the Chancery Court of York Province, the offer of the latter position being made formally by the Archbishop of York upon the acceptance of the principal ecclesiastical appointment. Sir Arthur Charles was Chancellor of the diocese of Southwell and Commissary of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster from 1884 to 1887, in which latter year the present Lord Chancellor appointed him a Judge of the Queen's Bench Division, on the retirement of the late Mr. Justice Grove. Early

in 1897 he had to resign his office owing to ill-health, and in recognition of his distinguished services Her Majesty approved his receiving the full annuity awarded to Puisne Judges on their retirement.—Our portrait is from a photograph by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.

Prince Loewenstein, who was among those killed in the recent fighting between the Americans and insurgents before Manila, was acting as honorary aide-de-camp to General Miller. It is stated that by some unexplained manner he got in front of the firing line, was shot in the side, and subsequently died of the wound. Prince Ludwig Loewenstein Wertheim-Freudenberg was only thirty-five years of age. He was the youngest brother of the present head of his family. Two years ago he was married to Lady Anne Savile, younger daughter of the Earl of Mexborough. The Prince and Princess spent the season of 1897 in their house near Park Lane.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Thomson, Grosvenor Street.

The Rev. John Mackenzie, whose death is reported at Kimberley, was a very active member of the London Missionary Society. For upwards of twenty years he has rendered devoted service to the cause of the natives of South Africa, and his name will be specially remembered in connection with the settlement of the border dispute arising out of the attempts of certain Dutch freebooters to extend the western frontier of the Transvaal. When in 1884 a British protectorate was formally declared over Bechuanaland, he received the appointment of British Deputy-Commissioner. He found himself unfortunately at variance with the views of the Cape Government of the day. He became extremely unpopular and was recalled from the position, in which he was succeeded by Mr. Cecil Rhodes. Mr. Rhodes's efforts to restore peace were unavailing, and the Charles Warren Expedition of 1885 was sent out. In the friction which ensued between the Imperial and colonial officers Mr. Mackenzie became identified with Sir Charles Warren as an advocate of direct Imperial intervention in South African affairs, while Sir Hercules Robinson and Mr. Rhodes defended the doctrine of local colonial responsibility. In 1889 Mr. Mackenzie came to England to advocate the separation of the functions of High Commissioner and Governor of the Cape. In

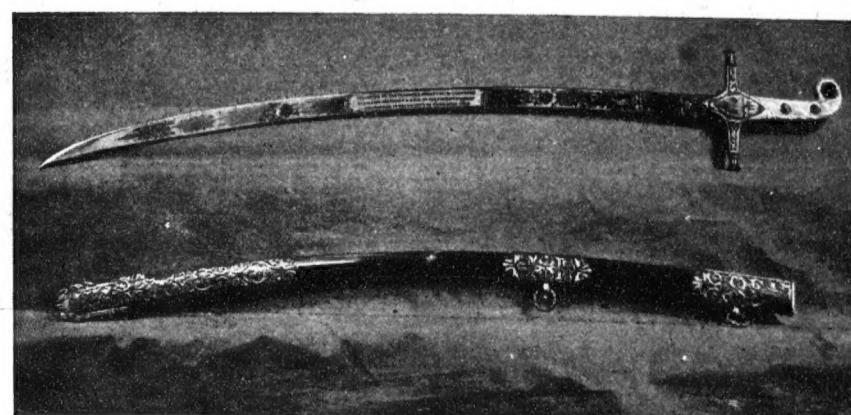
this he was not successful. Mr. Mackenzie subsequently returned to South Africa, where he has since carried on his labours as a missionary. Mr. Mackenzie published in 1888 a readable book about the country called "Austral Africa." For some years he had ceased to take any active part in politics.—Our portrait is from a photograph by W. T. Bashford, Portobello.

Lieutenant-Colonel E. H. Le Marchant, of the 1st Battalion Hampshire Regiment, was shot dead by two Pathans while attending an assault-at-arms at Peshawur. The murderers were arrested. Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Henry Le Marchant, commanding the 1st Battalion Hampshire Regiment—now at Lundi Kotal, in the Punjab—was in his forty-sixth year, and had held his command since June, 1897. He joined the 41st (Welsh) Regiment in 1874 from the Militia, and became lieutenant in the Hampshire Regiment in the same year. Except for three years (1893-95), when he was Inspector of Musketry in the South-Eastern District, he had been with the Hampshire since he first joined the regiment, serving with it in the Afghan Campaign of 1879 and 1880.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Mauil and Fox.

Mr. Llewellyn Longstaff, who has just presented the handsome sum of 25,000/- towards the expenses of the Antarctic Expedition, which is being fitted out under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, has always taken an active interest in scientific matters. He is the director of a large manufacturing company, of which he was chairman for many years. He is the son of Dr. G. H. Longstaff, one of the founders of the Chemical Society, and himself studied chemistry both in Germany and at the Royal College of Chemistry in England, where the late Professor von Hofmann was his instructor.—Our portrait is from a photograph by A. H. Hofer, Berlin.

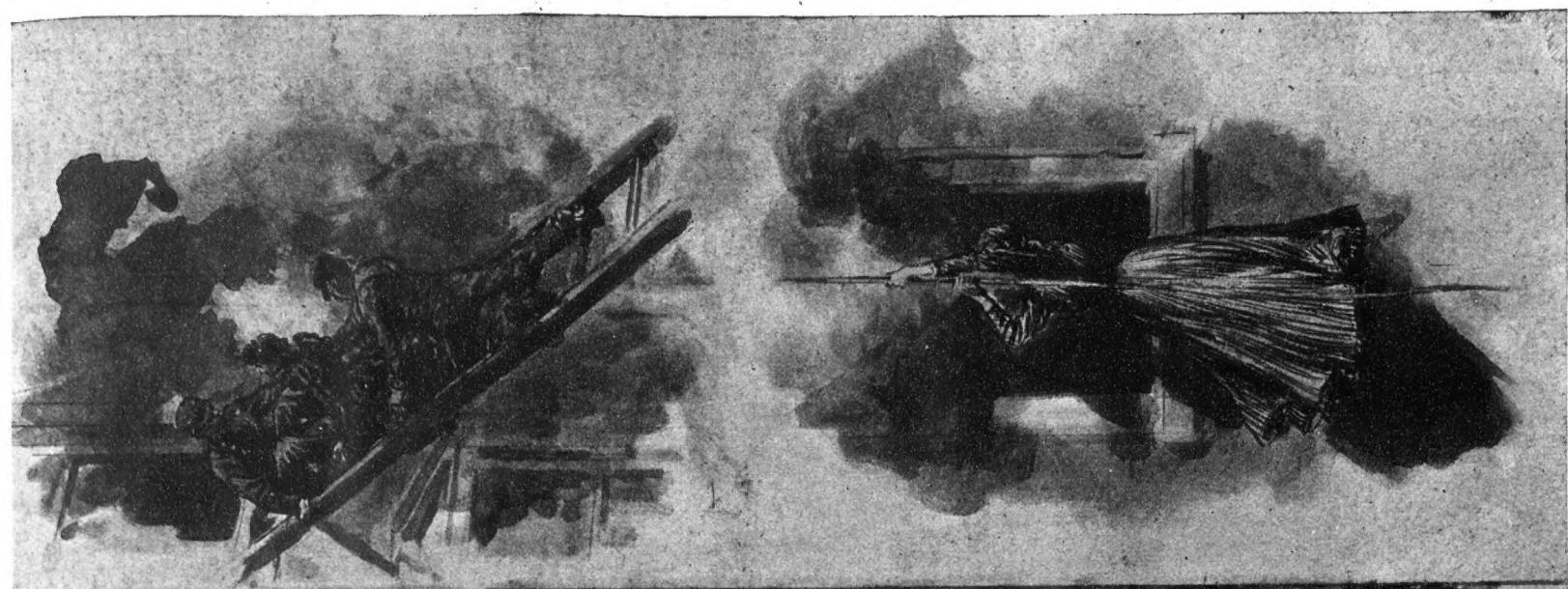
Our illustration of Sledding in Central Park is by Mr. John Charlton, is drawn from photographs by Mr. F. Norton, New York.

### A Sword of Honour for Colonel Mathias

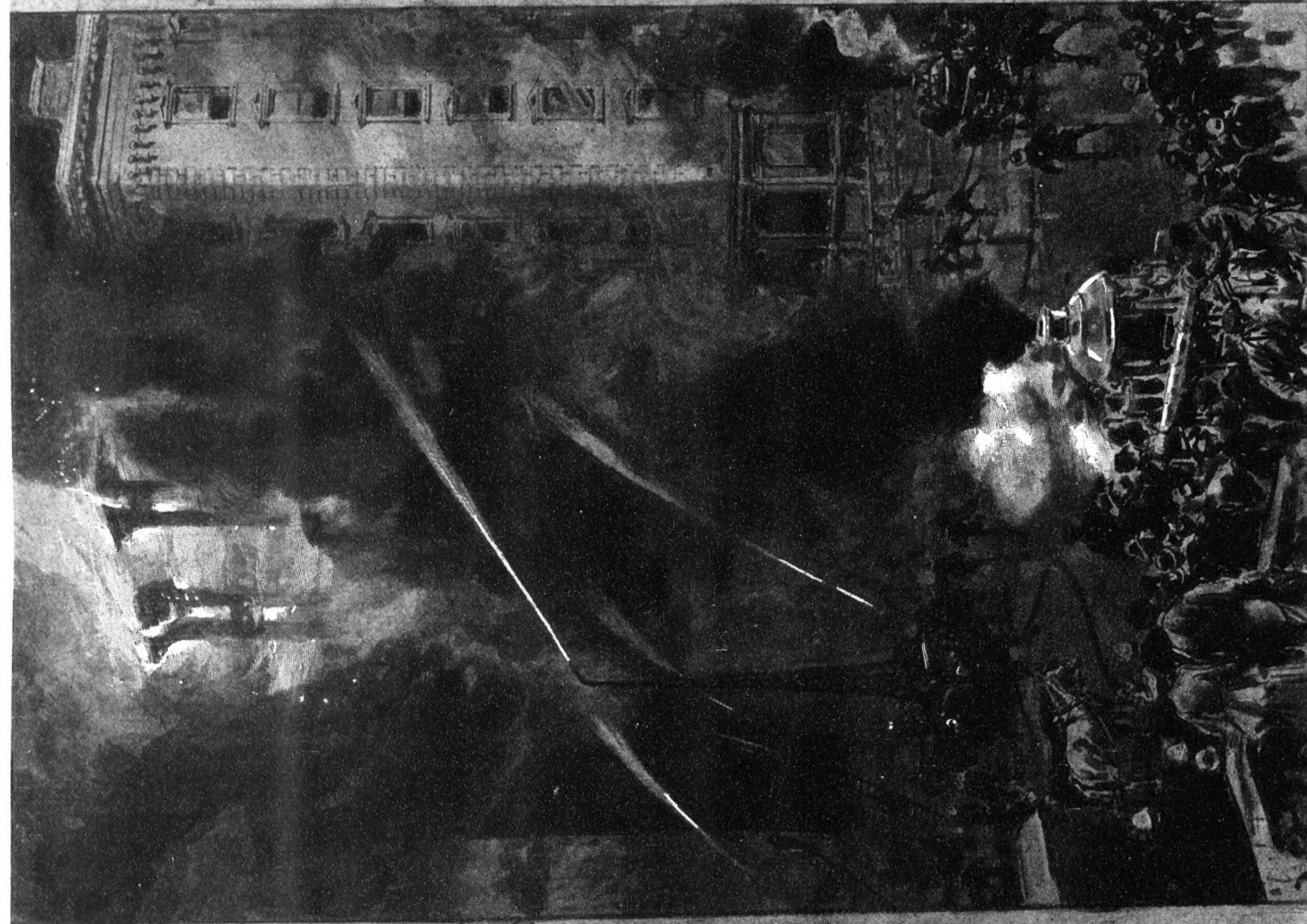


THE SWORD PRESENTED TO COLONEL MATHIAS OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS

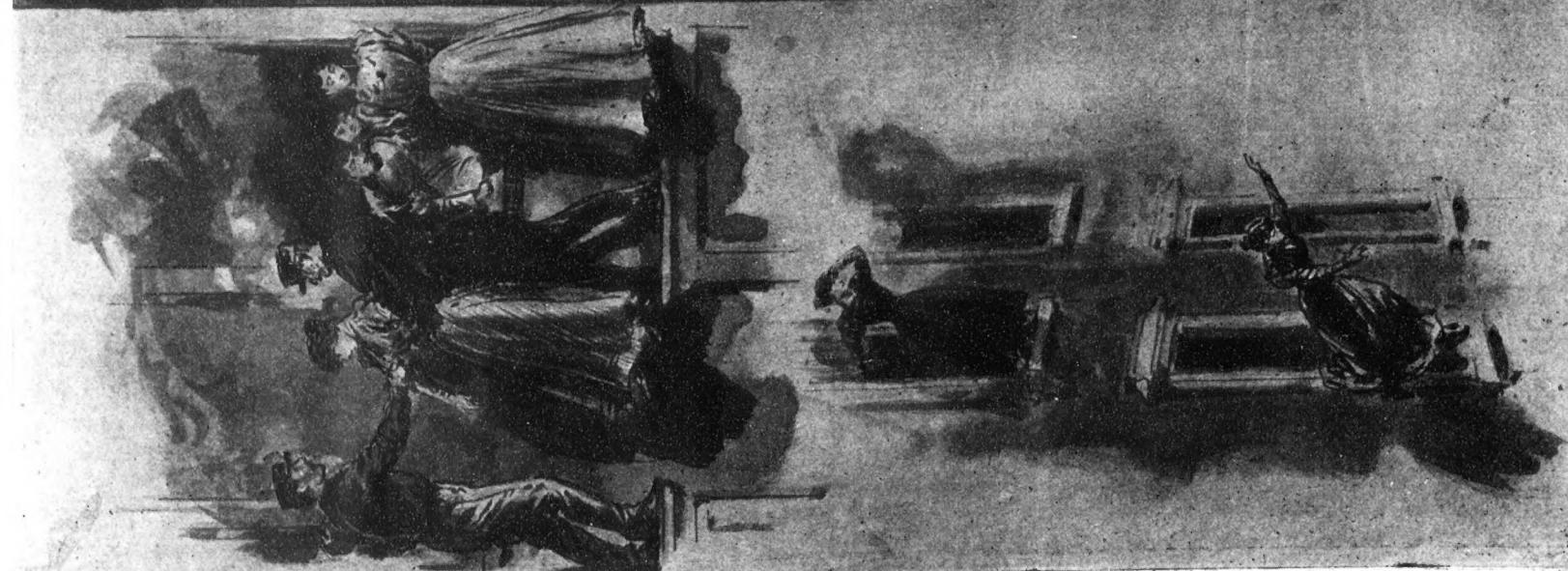
COLONEL MATHIAS, the hero of Dargai, has been presented with a sword of honour to commemorate the Gordon Highlanders' charge at Dargai. The presentation took place at the Pembroke County Club dinner at the Savoy, and on hand Sir Charles E. G. Philips, who presented the sword to the Colonel, said that though no sword of honour could adequately reward Colonel Mathias had already won the honour to the Gordon Highlanders and to the country at large. Colonel Mathias, in reply, said he had at Dargai a regiment second to none to lead, and it was very easy to get on with a man who would follow their leader anywhere. He had stuck to the army for thirty years, and he meant to stick to the end.—Our illustration is from a photograph by S. B. Bolles and Co., Oxford Street.



THE LAST WOMAN RESCUED



THE SCENE IN FIFTH AVENUE DURING THE CONFLAGRATION



A PERILOUS RESCUE

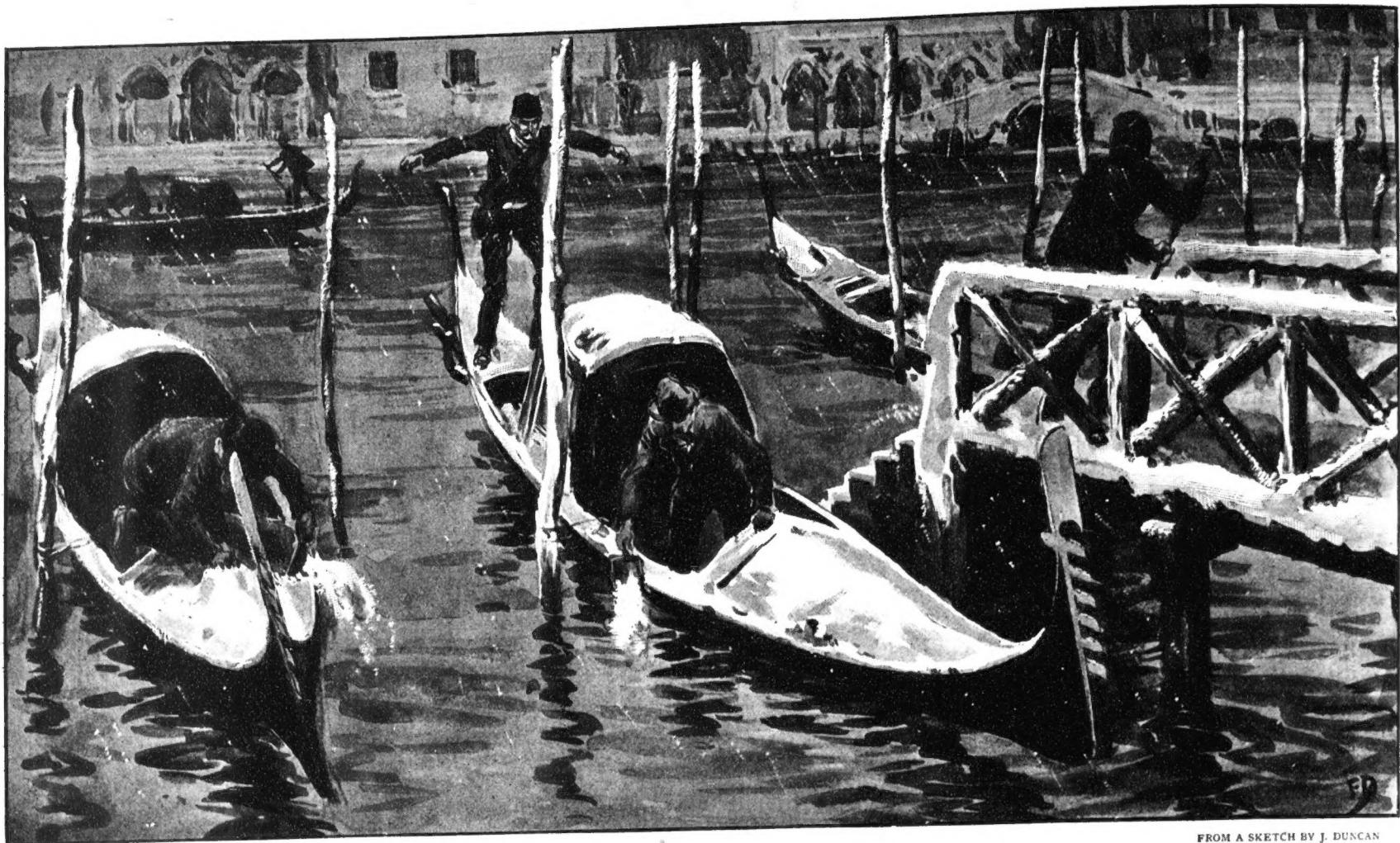
WOMEN JUMPING FROM FIFTH AND SIXTH FLOOR WINDOWS

One of the most disastrous fires of recent years was that by which the Windsor Hotel, in Fifth Avenue, one of the finest and most popular hotels in New York, was destroyed in three hours in the middle of a sunny afternoon, in the most fashionable thoroughfare in the City. The death roll it is even yet difficult to give with any accuracy, but the latest reports give it at 14 killed, injured 57, and missing about 50. The flames spread with such appalling rapidity that the entire building was ablaze in an incredibly short time. The firemen worked with splendid heroism. Ladders were run into the very midst of the flames, scaling ladders and hooks fastened, as it seemed from below, only to the smooth masonry of the building front, the while the firemen clambered to danger places, snatched human beings from windows, carried them along ledges to narrow in appearance for foot to rest upon, and handed them out of harm's way to waiting comrades. But despite this, writes an eye-witness, "I saw women after woman try to come down ropes which cut their hands, and then let go and were dashed to the ground." Fully a dozen women fell from the Fifth Avenue windows, at least eight in Forty-Sixth Street, and as many more in Forty-Seventh Street.—Our illustrations are drawn from sketches in the *New York Herald*.

THE GREAT FIRE AT THE HOTEL WINDSOR, NEW YORK

DESCENDING BY A ROPE FROM THE SIXTH FLOOR

THE GRAPHIC

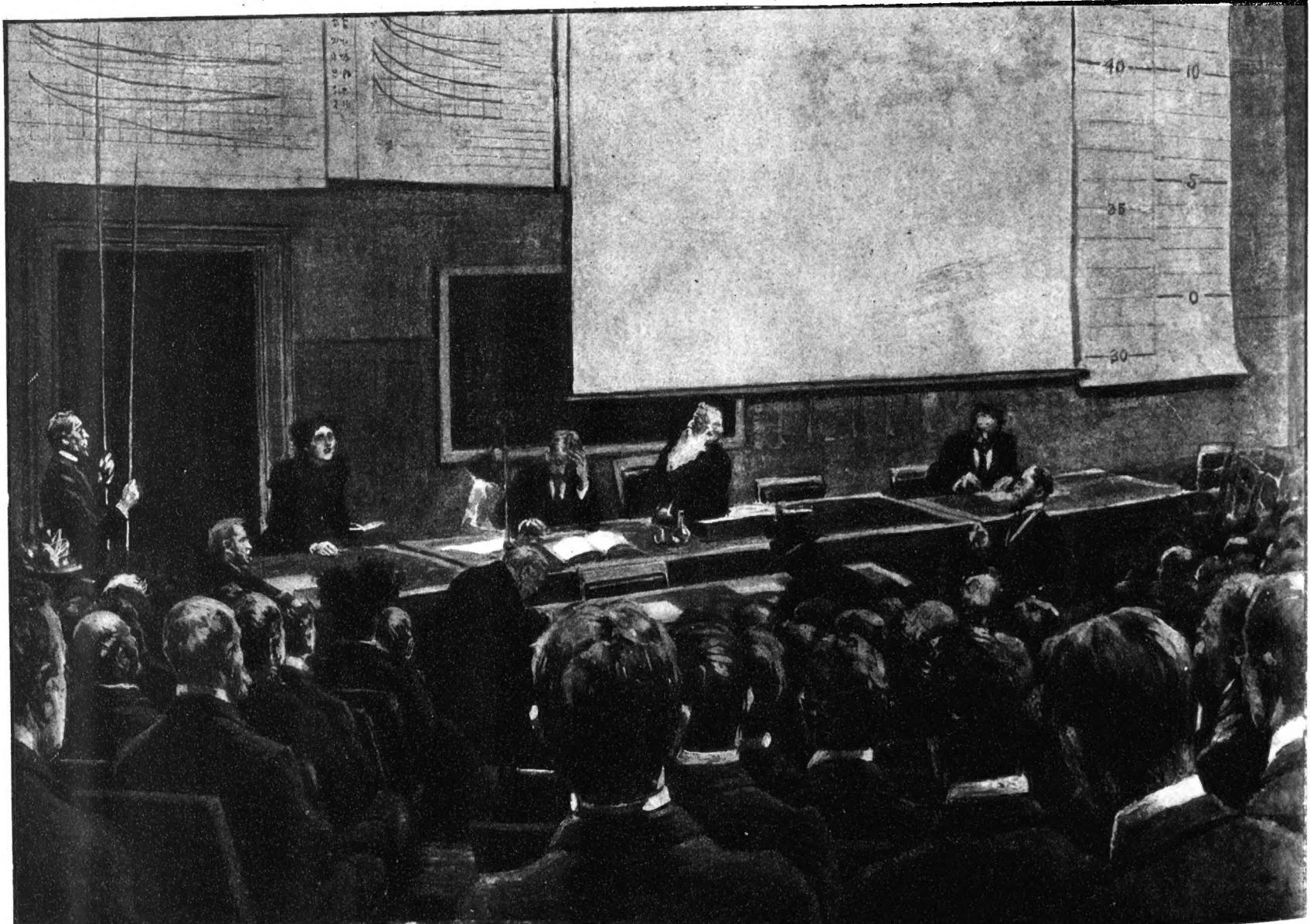


FROM A SKETCH BY J. DUNCAN

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.A.

"Venice," writes a correspondent, "has experienced lately a spell of bitterly cold weather. The gondolieri are without clients, and their owners lounge disconsolately by the waterside muffled up against the biting cold, or spend their time trying to remove the snow from their idle and neglected gondolas."

VENICE IN WINTER: A SCENE ON THE GRAND CANAL



The unusual spectacle of a lady addressing a scientific body on a highly abstruse subject and elucidating a much-vaed problem was present at the meeting last week of the Society of Electrical Engineers. Mrs. Ayrton is the wife of Professor Ayrton, is well known as an investigator, and read a paper at the last meeting of the British Association. The subject of her recent address, which was delivered to a large and much interested audience, was the cause of the hissing of the electric arc in the large arc lamps with which

everyone is familiar. The cause of this has for a long time been a scientific puzzle, and has been accompanied by complicated electrical phenomena which have provided much speculation and not a few differences of opinion. Mrs. Ayrton's solution of the problem may be briefly explained as being neither more nor less than that the hissing is produced by the combination of the oxygen of the air with one of the carbons of the electric arc lamp.

MRS. AYRTON LECTURING TO THE SOCIETY OF ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET



"It was covered with inscriptions from top to base, in vivid white and blue, save where a vast and glaring kinemato-graph transparency presented a realistic crucifixion, and where a vast festoon of black to show that the popular religion followed the popular politics, hung across the lettering. Graham had already become familiar with the phonotype writing and these inscriptions arrested him, being to his sense for the most part almost incredible blasphemy. Among the less offensive were 'Salvation on the Third Floor and turn to the Right.' 'The Sharpest Conversion in London, Expert Operators! Look Slippery!'"

## WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES

By H. G. WELLS. Illustrated by H. LANOS

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### CHAPTER XIX.

#### OSTROG'S POINT OF VIEW

GRAHAM returned at last to his apartments in a mood of sombre earnestness. The intense persuasion of his responsibility that had come to him in the crow's nest brooded once more upon his mind, touched with emotions of a keener kind. He saw himself in Helen's eyes. He reproached himself bitterly for his three days of aerial pleasure, for the idle occupation of his time. He wanted very greatly to go abroad at once and see the ways and habitations of the common people, to demonstrate in some way to himself that his promise to rule was no mere emotional flourish. But how was he to begin?

After a time Ostrog came to him, after his fashion, to give a formal vague account of the day's affairs. An instinct of distrust kept Graham from the mention of his conversation with Helen Wotton, but its

import hung like a cloud upon his mind. On previous occasions Graham had passed over this ceremony as speedily as possible, in order to resume his aerial experiences, but now he asked questions. Ostrog brought flattering reports of the development of affairs abroad. In Paris and Berlin there had been trouble, not resistance to Graham, indeed, but insubordinate proceedings. "After all these years," said Ostrog, when Graham demanded particulars, "the Commune has lifted its head again." But order had been restored in these cities. Graham, the more deliberately judicial for the stirring emotions he felt, asked if there had been any fighting. "A little," said Ostrog. "But the Soudanese division of our African agricultural police—the Consolidated African Companies have a very well-drilled police—was ready, and so were aeroplanes. We expected a little trouble in the continental cities, and in America. But things are very quiet in America. They are satisfied with the overthrow of the Council."

"Why should you expect trouble?" asked Graham abruptly.

"There is a lot of discontent—social discontent."

"The Labour Company?"

"You are learning," said Ostrog, with a touch of surprise. "Yes. It is chiefly the discontent with the Labour Company. It was that discontent supplied the motive force of this overthrow—that and your awakening."

"Yes?"

Ostrog smiled. "We had to stir up their discontent, we had to revive the old ideals of universal happiness—all men equal—all men happy—no luxury that everyone may not share—ideas that have slumbered for two hundred years. You know them? We had to revive these ideals, impossible as they are, in order to overthrow the Council. And now—"

"Well?"

"Our revolution is accomplished, and the Council is overthrown, and people whom we have stirred up—remain surging. There was scarcely enough fighting. . . . We made promises, of course,

It is extraordinary how violently and rapidly this vague out-of-date Humanitarianism has revived and spread. We who sowed the seed even have been astonished. In Paris, as I say—we have had to call in external help.

"And here?"

"There is trouble. Multitudes will not go back to work. There is a general strike. Half the factories are empty and the people are swarming in the ways. They are talking of a Commune. Men in silk and satin have been insulted in the streets. The blue canvas is expecting all sorts of things from you. Of course there is no need for you to trouble. We are setting the Babble Machines to work with counter suggestions in the cause of law and order. We must keep the grip tight; that is all."

Graham thought.

"Even to the pitch of bringing a negro police," he said.

"They are useful," said Ostrog. "They are fine loyal brutes, with no wash of ideas in their heads—such as our rabble has. The Council should have had them as a police of the ways, and things might have been different. Of course, there is nothing to fear excepting rioting and wreckage. You can manage your own wings now, and you can soar away to Capri if there is any smoke or fuss. We have the pull of all the great things; the aéronauts are privileged and rich, the closest trades union in the world, and so are the engineers of the wind-vanes. We have the air, and the mastery of the air is the mastery of the earth. No one of any ability is organising against us. They have no leaders—only the sectional leaders of the secret society we organised before your very opportune awakening. But none of these is man enough for a central figure. The only trouble will be a disorganised upheaval. To be frank—that may happen. But it won't interrupt your aéronautics. The days when the people could make revolutions are past."

"I suppose they are," said Graham. "I suppose they are. This world of yours has been full of surprises to me. In the old days we dreamt of a wonderful democratic life, of a time when all men would be equal and happy."

Ostrog looked at him keenly. "The day of democracy is past," he said. "Past for ever. That day began with the bowmen of Crecy, it ended when marching infantry, when common men in masses ceased to win the battles of the world, when costly cannon, great ironclads, and strategic railways became the means of power. To-day is the day of wealth. Wealth now is power as it never was power before—it commands earth and sea and sky. All power is for those who can handle wealth. You must accept facts, and these are facts. The world for the Crowd! The Crowd as Ruler! Even in your days that creed had been tried and condemned. To-day it has only one believer—a multiplex, feeble one—the man in the Crowd."

Graham did not answer immediately. He stood lost in sombre preoccupations.

"No," said Ostrog. "The day of the common man is past. On the open countryside one man is as good as another, or nearly as good. The old aristocracy had a precarious tenure of strength and audacity. The first real aristocracy came in with castles and armour, and vanished before the musket and bow. But in these new days we have this great machine of the city, and an organisation complex beyond a common man's understanding."

"Yet," said Graham, "there is something you are holding down—something that stirs and presses."

"You will see," said Ostrog with a smile that brushed these difficult questions aside. "I have not roused the force to destroy myself—trust me."

"I wonder," said Graham.

Ostrog glanced at him again very keenly.

"Must the world go this way?" said Graham.

"What do you mean?" said Ostrog.

"I came from a democratic age. To find an aristocratic tyranny."

"Aristocracy, the prevalence of the best—the suffering and extinction of the unfit. And so to better things. It is the way that change has always travelled," said Ostrog.

"But aristocracy! those people I met—"

"Oh! not those!" said Ostrog. "But for the most part they go to their death. Vice and pleasure! They have no children. That sort of stuff will die out. If the world keeps to one road, if there is no turning back. An easy road to excess, convenient Euthanasia for the pleasure-seekers singed in the flame, that is the way to improve the race!"

"Pleasant extinction," said Graham. "But there is that other thing—the Crowd, the great mass of poor men. Will that die out? And it suffers, its suffering is a force that even you—"

Ostrog moved impatiently, and when he spoke he spoke rather less evenly than before.

"Don't you trouble about these things," he said. "Everything will be settled in a few days now. The Crowd is a fool, hysterical and illogical. What if it does not die out? You heard those people shouting and singing two nights ago. They were taught that song. If you had taken any man there in cold blood and asked why he shouted, he could not have told you. They think they are shouting for you, that they are loyal and devoted to you. Just then they were ready to slaughter the Council. To-day—they are already murmuring against them that have overthrown the Council. The Crowd is a huge foolish beast. Even if it does not die, it can still be tamed and driven."

"They shouted," said Graham, "because their lives were dreary, without joy or pride, and because in me—in me—they hoped."

"And what was their hope? What is their hope? What right have they to hope? They work ill and they want the reward of those who work well. The hope of mankind—what is it? That some day the Over-man may come, that some day the inferior, the weak, and the bestial may be subdued or eliminated. The world is no place for the bad, the stupid, the enervated. Their duty—it's a fine duty too!—is to die. The death of the failure! That is the path by which the beast rose to manhood, by which man goes on to higher things."

Ostrog took a pace, seemed to think, and turned on Graham. "I can imagine how this great world state of ours seems to a Victorian Englishman. You regret all the old forms of representative government—their spectres still haunt the world, the voting councils and parliaments and all that eighteenth century tomfoolery. You feel moved against our Pleasure Cities. I might have thought of that—had I not been busy. But you will learn better. The people are mad with envy—they would be in sympathy

with you. Even in the streets now, they clamour to destroy the Pleasure Cities. But the Pleasure Cities are the excretory organs of the State, attractive places that year after year draw together all that is weak and vicious, all that is undisciplined and lazy, all the eager roguery of the world, to a graceful destruction. They go there, they have their time, they die childless, all the pretty silly women die childless and mankind is the better. And you would emancipate the silly brainless workers that we have enslaved, and try to make their lives easy and pleasant again. Now their lot is just tolerable if they abstain from child-bearing—but you would try to make life easy for them too, and so their dreary breed would continue." He smiled a smile of superiority that irritated Graham, oddly. "You will learn better. I know those ideas; in my boyhood days I read your Shelley and dreamt of Liberty. There is no Liberty, save wisdom and self-control. Liberty is within—not without. It is each man's own affair. Suppose—which is impossible—that these swarming yelping fools in blue get the upper hand of us, what then? It would mean but a few hundred years delay. The coming of the aristocrat is as certain as fate. The end will be the Over-man—for all the mad protests of humanity. The end will be the same."

"I wonder," said Graham, doggedly.

For a moment he stood downcast.

"But I must see these things for myself," he said. "Only by seeing can I understand. I must learn. That is what I want to tell you, Ostrog. I do not want to be King in a Pleasure City; that is not my pleasure. I have spent enough time with aéronautics—and these other things. I must learn how people live, how the common life has developed. Then I shall understand these things better. I must learn how common people live—the labour people more especially—how they work, marry, bear children, die—"

"Our realistic novelists," suggested Ostrog, suddenly preoccupied.

"I want reality," said Graham, "not realism."

"There are difficulties," said Ostrog, and thought. "On the whole, perhaps—"

"I did not expect—"

"I had thought—. And yet, perhaps—. Things are almost completed."

Suddenly he came to some conclusion. "You would need to go disguised," he said. "The city is intensely excited, and the discovery of your presence among them might create a fearful tumult. Still this wish of yours to go into this city—this idea of yours—. Yes, now I think the thing over it seems to me not altogether—. Yes, it may be done. It can be contrived. If you would really find an interest in that! You are, of course, Master. You are Master. Shall I tell Asano? For my own part, there is a matter I have to do. A matter of detail. Details! This evening. I see no reason—. Would you care to go soon? A disguise for this excursion Asano will be able to manage. He might go with you. I daresay you could go soon if you cared."

"You will not want to consult me in any matter?" asked Graham suddenly.

"Oh, dear no! No. I think you may trust affairs to me for a time," said Ostrog, following out some train of thought.

"Even if we differ—"

Graham glanced at him sharply.

"There is no struggle likely to happen soon?" he asked abruptly.

"No."

"I have been thinking about these negroes. I don't believe the people intend any hostility to me, and, after all, I am the Master. I do not want any negroes brought to London. It is an archaic prejudice perhaps, but I have peculiar feelings about Europeans and the subject races. Even about Paris—"

Ostrog stood watching him from under his drooping brows.

"You are not to bring armed negroes to London, whatever happens," said Graham. "In that matter I am quite decided."

Ostrog bowed deferentially.

## CHAPTER XX.

### IN THE CITY WAYS

AND that night, unknown and unsuspected, Graham, dressed in the costume of an inferior wind-vane official keeping holiday, and accompanied by Asano in Labour Company canvas, surveyed the city through which he had wandered when it was veiled in darkness. But now he saw it lit and waking, a whirlpool of life. In spite of the surging and swaying of the forces of revolution, in spite of the unusual discontent, the mutterings of the greater struggle of which the first revolt was but the prelude, the myriad streams of commerce still flowed wide and strong. He knew now something of the dimensions and quality of the new age, but he was not prepared for the infinite surprise of the detailed view, for the torrent of colour and vivid impressions that poured past him.

This was his first real contact with the people of these latter days. He realised that all that had gone before, saving his glimpses of the public theatres and markets, had had its element of seclusion, had been a movement within the comparatively narrow official quarter, that all his previous experiences had revolved immediately about the question of his own position. But here was the city at the busiest hours of night, the people to a large extent returned to their own immediate interests, the resumption of the real informal life, the common habits of the new time.

They emerged at first into a street whose opposite ways were crowded with the blue canvas liveries. This swarm Graham saw was a portion of a procession—it was odd to see a procession parading the city seated. They carried banners, coarse red stuff with black letters. "No disarmament," said the banners, for the most part in crudely daubed letters and with variant spellings, and "Why should we disarm?" "No disarming." "No disarming." Banner after banner went by, a stream of banners flowing past, and at last at the end, the song of the revolt and a noisy band of strange instruments. "They all ought to be at work," said Asano. "They have had no food these two days, or they have stolen it."

Presently Asano made a détour to avoid the congested crowd that gaped upon the occasional passage of dead bodies from hospital to mortuary, the gleanings after death's harvest of the first revolt.

That night few people were sleeping, everyone was abroad. A vast excitement, perpetual crowds perpetually changing, surrounded Graham; his mind was confused and darkened by an incessant

tumult, by the cries and enigmatical fragments of the social struggle that was as yet only beginning. Everywhere festoons and banners of black and coloured lights and strange decorations, intensified the quality of his popularity. Everywhere he caught snatches of that crude thick dialect that served the illiterate class, the class, that is, beyond the reach of phonographic culture, in their common intercourse. Everywhere this trouble of disarmament was in the air, with a quality of immediate stress of which he had no inkling during his seclusion in the Wind-Vane quarter. He perceived that as soon as he returned he must discuss this with Ostrog, this and the greater issues of which it was the expression, in a more conclusive way than he had so far done. Perpetually that night, even in the earlier hours of their wanderings about the city, the spirit of unrest and revolt swamped his attention, to the exclusion of countless strange things he might otherwise have observed.

This preoccupation made his impressions fragmentary. Yet amidst so much that was strange and vivid, no subject, however personal and insistent, could exert undivided sway. There were spaces when the revolutionary movement passed clean out of his mind, was drawn aside like a curtain from before some startling new aspect of the time. Helen had swayed his mind to the intense earnestness of inquiry, but there came a time even when the figure receded beyond his conscious thoughts. At one moment, for example, he found they were traversing the religious quarter, for the easy transit about the city afforded by the moving ways rendered sporadic churches and chapels no longer necessary—and his attention was vividly arrested by the façade of one of the Christian sects.

They were travelling seated on one of the swift upper ways, the place leapt upon them at a bend and advanced rapidly toward them. It was covered with inscriptions from top to base, in white and blue, save where a vast and glaring kinematograph transparency presented a realistic crucifixion, and where a festoon of black to show that the popular religion followed the popular politics, hung across the lettering. Graham had already become familiar with the phonotype writing and these inscriptions arrested him, being to his sense for the most part almost incredible blasphemy. Among the less offensive were "Salvation on the Third Floor and turn to the Right." "The Sharpest Conversation in London, Expert Operators! Look Slippy!" "Be a Christian—without hindrance to your present Occupation." "Brisk Blessing for Busy Business Men."

"But this is appalling!" said Graham as that deafening scream of mercantile piety towered above them.

"What is appalling?" asked his little officer, apparently seeking vainly for anything unusual in this shrieking enamel.

"This! Surely the essence of religion is reverence."

"Oh, that!" Asano looked at Graham. "Does it shock you?" he said in the tone of one who makes a discovery. "I suppose it would, of course. I had forgotten. Nowadays the competition for attention is so keen, and people simply haven't the leisure to attend to their souls, you know, as they used to do." He smiled. "In the old days you had quiet Sabbaths and the countryside. Though somewhere I've read of Sunday afternoons that—"

"But, that," said Graham, glancing back at the receding blue and white. "That is surely not the only—"

"There are hundreds of different ways. But, of course, if a sect doesn't tell it doesn't pay. Worship has moved with the times. There are high-class sects with quieter ways—costly incense and personal attentions and all that. These people are extremely popular and prosperous. They pay several dozen lions for those apartments to the Council—to you I should say."

Graham still felt a difficulty with the coinage, and this mention of a dozen lions brought him abruptly to that matter. In a moment the screaming temples and their swarming touts were forgotten in this new interest. A turn of a phrase suggested, and an answer confirmed the idea that gold and silver were both demonetised, that stamped gold which had begun its reign amidst the merchants of Phoenicia was at last dethroned. The change had been graduated but swift, brought about by an extension of the system of cheques that had even in his previous life already practically superseded gold in all the larger business transactions. The common traffic of the city, the common currency indeed of all the world, was conducted by means of the little brown, green and pink council cheques for small amounts, printed with a blank payee. Asano had several with him, and at the first opportunity he supplied the gaps in his set. They were printed not on tearable paper, but on a semi-transparent fabric of silken flexibility, interwoven with silk. Across them all sprawled a facsimile of Graham's signature, his first encounter with the curves and turns of that familiar autograph, for two hundred and three years.

Some intermediary experiences made no impression sufficiently vivid to prevent the matter of the disarmament claiming his thoughts again; a blurred picture of a Theosophist temple that had passed, MIRACLES in letters of unsteady fire was least submerged in his mind, but then came the view of the dining-hall in Northumbrian Avenue. That interested him very greatly.

By the energy and thought of Asano, he was able to view this place from a little screened gallery reserved for the attendants. The building was pervaded by a distant muffled piping and bawling, of which he did not at first understand the import, but which recalled a certain mysterious leathery sound he had heard after the resumption of the lights towards the end of his solitary wandering on the night of the great revolt.

He had grown accustomed now to vastness and great numbers of people, nevertheless this spectacle held him for a long time. As he watched the table service more immediately beneath his eyes, interspersed with many questions and answers concerning the import, that the realisation of the full significance of the feast of thousands people came to him.

It was his constant surprise to find that points that one might have expected to strike vividly at the very outset never occurred to him until some trivial detail suddenly shaped as a riddle and pointed to the obvious thing he had overlooked. In this matter, for instance, it had not occurred to him that this continuity of the city, this exclusion of weather, these vast halls and ways, involved the disappearance of the household; that the typical Victorian "Home," the little brick cell containing kitchen and scullery, the rooms and bedrooms, had, save for the ruins that diversified the countryside, vanished as surely as the wattle hut. But now he saw what had indeed been manifest from the first, that London,

regarded as a living place, was no longer an aggregation of houses but a prodigious hotel, an hotel with a thousand classes of accommodation, thousands of dining halls, chapels, theatres, markets and places of assembly, a synthesis of enterprises, of which he chiefly was the owner. People had their sleeping rooms, with, it might be, antechambers, rooms that were always sanitary at least whatever the degree of comfort and privacy, and for the rest they lived much as many people had lived in the new-made giant hotels of the Victorian days, eating, reading, thinking, playing, conversing, all in places of public resort, going to their work in the industrial quarters of the city or doing business in their offices in the trading section.

He perceived at once how necessarily this state of affairs had developed from the Victorian city. The fundamental reason for the modern city had ever been the economy of co-operation. The chief thing to prevent the merging of the separate households in his own generation was simply the still imperfect civilisation of the people, the strong barbaric pride, passions, and prejudices, the jealousies, rivalries, and violence of the middle and lower classes, which had necessitated the entire separation of contiguous households. But the change, the taming of the people, had been in rapid progress even then. In his brief thirty years of previous life he had seen an enormous extension of the habit of consuming meals from home, the casually patronised horse-box coffee-house had given place to the open and crowded Aerated Bread Shop for instance, women's clubs had had their beginning, and an immense development of reading rooms, lounges and libraries had witnessed to the growth of social confidence. These promises had by this time attained to their complete fulfilment. The locked and barred household had passed away.

These people below him belonged, he learnt, to the lower middle class, the class just above the blue labourers, a class so accustomed in the Victorian period to feed with every precaution of privacy that its members, when occasion confronted them with a public meal, would usually hide their embarrassment under horseplay or a markedly militant demeanour. But these gaily, if lightly dressed people below, albeit vivacious, hurried and uncommunicative, were dexterously mannered and certainly quite at their ease with regard to one another.

He noted a slight significant thing. The table, so far as he could see, was and remained delightfully neat, there was nothing to parallel the confusion, the broadcast crumbs, the splashes of viand and condiment, the overturned drink and displaced ornaments, which would have marked the stormy progress of the Victorian meal. The table furniture was very different. There were no ornaments, no flowers, and the table was without a cloth, being made, he learnt, of a solid substance having the texture and appearance of damask. He discerned that this damask substance was patterned with gracefully designed trade advertisements.

In a sort of recess before each diner was a complex apparatus of porcelain and metal. There was one plate of white porcelain, and by means of taps for hot and cold volatile fluids the diner washed this himself between the courses; he also washed his elegant white metal knife and fork and spoon as occasion required.

Soup and the chemical wine that was the common drink were delivered by similar taps, and the remaining covers travelled automatically in tastefully arranged dishes down the table along silver rails. The diner stopped these and helped himself at his discretion. They appeared at a little door at one end of the table, and vanished at the other. That turn of democratic sentiment in decay, that ugly pride of menial souls, which renders equals loth to wait on one another, was very strong he found among these people. He was so preoccupied with these details that it was only just as he was leaving the place that he remarked the huge advertisement dioramas that marched majestically along the upper walls and proclaimed the most remarkable commodities.

(To be continued)

### The Royal Society of British Artists

THIS old Society, galvanized a few years ago into new, if not very serious, life by Mr. Whistler, has since taken upon itself the duty of self-rejuvenation. At the time when the great schism occurred which that light-hearted President at the time brought about, "the Artists came out and the British remained," the British remainder, at which he jeered, set about the remedy that was clearly needful with characteristic energy. New blood, not only new but good, was necessary. New adhesions were required, not only to fill the places left vacant, but to assure the quality of the membership of the future. There was no lack of candidates; and herein lay a danger from which the "S.B.A.," as it is sometimes called, indubitably suffers. There is strength in numbers—and weakness too; and an over-long roll must necessarily water down quality with quantity. There is no synonymy between material and artistic prosperity; and it is difficult to see any point of excellence wherein Her Majesty's Royal Society of British Artists can claim essential superiority, save in high-sounding title, to a body such as that plainly termed "The Oil Institute." At the same time, the Suffolk Street society has succeeded in maintaining its position as, in a measure, a nursery of the Royal Academy, while not a few of its members possess a talent and an individuality which justify—if anything were needed to justify—its present vigorous existence. But its policy of members forbids much hope of further advance, and what the Society now is it is likely for some years to remain.

Yet originality, originality without eccentricity or undue affectation, is to be found in these artistically prudish galleries. Mr. Gayley Robinson maintains his reputation by excellencies not to be assumed by the first follower of Mr. Whistler, who may believe that indecision of outline and contour, and the admixture of lamp-black with every colour used, as a universal harmoniser, afford a short cut to "tone" and "quality." He is an ascetic in taste, who, in spite of his *parti pris*, can draw beautifully, has a fine eye for colours within a certain range, who loves a clear-cut silhouette as dearly as the early Flemings did, and who does not shirk, but rather courts, the problems of light and the rendering of texture under conditions of great self-restraint. His assumption of archaism, not being true archaism, is to be regretted; it is a rock on which he is likely to founder; but he is strong enough to put such a plaything aside, and appear the strong painter and artist that he undoubtedly is. Mr. Sheard can deal with sunlight as not many

of our younger men can; "The Golden Harvest" is a new departure, we think, but it is the work of a skilful hand and of a cultivated mind. There is no need to go in detail round these galleries filled with oils and water-colours. Those who care to read such a notice will equally care to visit the exhibition for themselves, and for themselves will find out its principal merits: the brilliant sketching power of Mr. W. H. J. Boot; the extraordinary freedom and facility of that versatile artist, Mr. G. C. Haité; the quiet humour of Mr. Livens, who has discovered a new charm in the poultry-yard; the breadth and fine sea-knowledge of Mr. Aldridge and Mr. Ayerst Ingram; the cleverness of Mr. Spenlove, Mr. Terrick Williams, Mr. Lee Hanky, Mr. Cecil Aldin, Mr. Proctor, and the rest who now come to the support of Mr. Grace, Sir Wyke Bayliss, and others who were among the supports of the Society in days gone by.

### The International Display of Fencing

By PERCY MACQUOID

ON Wednesday evening, March 22, an International Display of Fencing took place at the Portman Rooms, Baker Street, for the benefit of Mons. Vital Lebailly, professor to the London Fencing Club. Lord Methuen presided, and a large and interested assembly watched the proceedings. It is many years since an exhibition of such high-class fencing has been witnessed in this country, and the organising committee, with Mr. A. Forbes Sieveking as hon. secretary, must be congratulated on having been able to gather together so many well-known professors as M. Miniague, M. Camille Prevost, Vice-President of the French Academy of Arms, Le Chevalier Conte of Italy, Directeur de l'Ecole d'Escrime, Paris, MM. Selderslagh and Georges Rouleau of Brussels and Paris, M. Vital Lebailly, Mr. F. G. McPherson, Director of the School of Arms, Victoria Street, and many others.

The office of director of the combats was taken by Major the Hon Arthur Henniker, and the proceedings commenced with a few preliminary remarks from Lord Methuen. The first item on the programme was the Academy Salute, most gracefully executed by M. Lebailly and Mr. McPherson. This consists of certain feints and parries that are taken by either exponent in turn, and commences and finishes with a salute to the spectators, who are presumed to be on either side of the combatants. This was followed by an assault between M. C. Walter, Professor to the Oxford Fencing Club, and M. Volland. M. Walter is a rising young French fencer, but, owing to indisposition, was not by any means at his best, and the somewhat annoying style of M. Volland did not seem calculated to call out the best qualities of any adversary. A very fine combat then took place between M. Roulleau and M. Vital Lebailly, the former exhibiting extraordinary strength and steadiness in his defence with rapidity and certainty of retreat. The attack of M. Lebailly was most brilliant, and although to a certain extent handicapped by the longer reach of his opponent, proved in a most interesting manner the value of the power of great extension in the lunge. The rapidity of the parries and *riposte* of M. Rouleau on the ingenious and varied attacks of M. Lebailly were most remarkable, and one hit was delivered by the former straight in six without *disengagement* of any kind. M. Camille Prevost is probably the most classic fencer of his time. His adversary was M. Selderslagh. It is difficult to describe the ease of M. Prevost in every movement; his guard can be taken as a type of all that he does in the rest of his art, which is throughout most dignified and finished. Lithe and quiet in all his actions without the slightest affectation, he gives all the impression of beauty and grace with which it is possible to invest the science of fencing, and one recognises at once a faultless exponent of a most beautiful school. M. Selderslagh is a younger man, but of consummate skill with his weapon, also restrained and fine in style. A low attack that he employed several times was particularly original, although M. Prevost's parry of *septième*, given with exquisite ease, was too much for its success as an attack. Mr. F. G. McPherson, the chosen representative for England, then tried his skill against Le Chevalier Conte. The Chevalier is probably the most dangerous swordsman in Europe; the guard of the foil he uses is the descendant of the cup rapier of the seventeenth century of Italy. He won the International Championship of 1896 at Paris, and vanquished his celebrated countryman, Pinet, at Brussels, which encounter was followed by a duel in real earnest. His action as he comes on guard is most graceful, and in the engagement with Mr. McPherson he constantly employed a series of rapid parries in semi-circle, also in defence adroitly shifting his body and so allowing the lunge to pass. Mr. McPherson who is but twenty-two years of age has studied in Brussels and Paris, and gives promise of a great future as a *maitre d'armes*. He was greeted with much enthusiasm and showed great skill and pluck in the difficult task that was set him in meeting such an ideal duellist as M. Conte.

Several other engagements followed, and the proceedings terminated by an assault between M. Prevost and M. Lebailly, the last hit of the evening being a fine *derobé* by M. Prevost on a parry of *contre-carte* of his adversary. Mr. Reed of 443, West Strand, has taken excellent photographs of the principal performers.

A FURTHER ATTEMPT TO DETERMINE ANDRÉE'S FATE is now being made. Mr. Martin has gone to Siberia to seek for traces of the explorer, King Oscar defraying his expenses. Another Arctic party also causes some anxiety—Mr. Walter Wellman and his companions, who went to Franz Josef Land last summer. A sealing vessel will shortly start in search.

### The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

THE Duke of Fife, in an excellent speech, when he presided at a festival dinner of St. Mary-le-bone Almshouses the other day, said: "We live in days not only of never-ending talk, but of speeches much too long and a great many speeches that had been better left unspoken." How true this is! Though there are a few speakers—among them the author of the lines above quoted—to whom it is always a treat to listen, modern after-dinner oratory is for the most part a terrible infliction that one would be only too glad to see rigorously curtailed. I have often thought that if the orators from whom we have all suffered, more or less, would be content to think and not speak, it would be a manifest advantage. Let the toast list be carefully gone through, but let all the would-be speakers write their speeches and have them carefully edited, and then printed in a little volume, containing illustrations and particulars of the charity to be celebrated. Let these books be distributed before the first toast is proposed, then the whole list would be disposed of in half an hour, and the guests could read the speeches—or leave them alone—when they reached home, and the remainder of the evening would be devoted to rational enjoyment. I cannot help thinking that the subscription list would derive considerable benefit if this novel but common-sense arrangement were adopted.

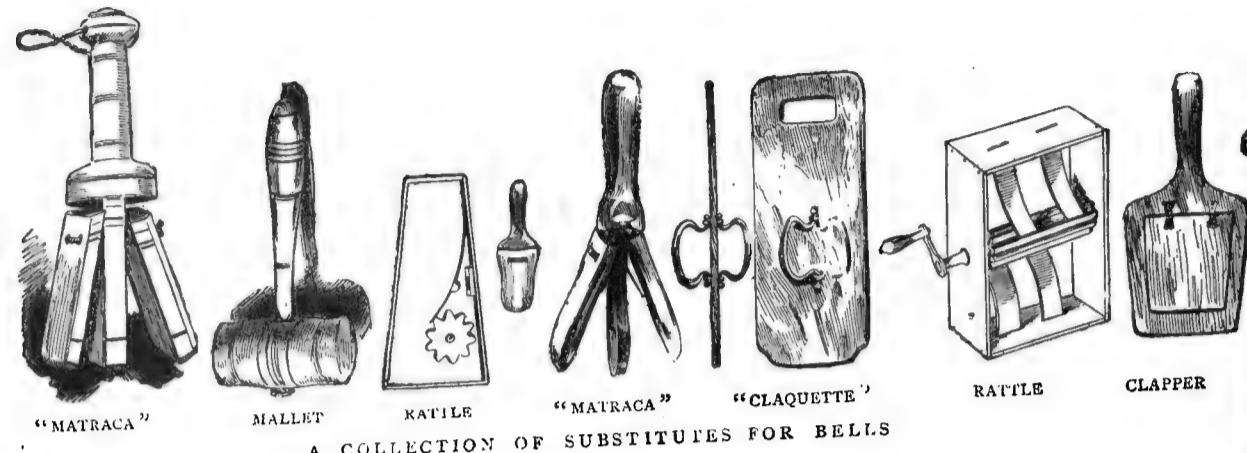
Lately I have been turning my attention to coals. No, countless readers, gentle and otherwise, I am not about to solicit your orders for Wallsend, Londonderry, Primrose, Best Silkstone, Cobble, or Nuts. Formerly a person, after failing in a variety of trades, took to selling coals on commission; now I am told he takes to literature. But, having been an enthusiastic Gheber, an earnest and constant Fire-Worshipper from my earliest childhood, I have ever been critical as regards coals. Now it seems to me they do not fulfil their mission so well, from the Gheber's point of view, as they did in the days of my youth. There seems to be a want of brilliancy about the domestic hearth of the day which I cannot account for. The coal all seems to be in big, hard, rocky lumps that are very difficult to manipulate, on which you either break a poker or succeed in distributing black splinters all over the hearthrug. This rocky coal only seems to succeed in producing a dignified dull red fire, which is not enough for me. Why don't we have those delightful crocus-coloured tongues of flame that seemed to lick the fire-brick with a positive relish in days gone? Why don't we have that roar up the chimney and the bright light of the little surging gas jets, the crackle, the sparkle, and the thousand fire pictures that lurked within the grate in the days of our youth? Though I may possibly get as much warmth I find I do not get half the fuss, half the romance, half the pictorial delight out of a ton of coals nowadays that I did formerly.

From coals to coal-scuttles is a natural transition, and I am glad to find my strictures on the most obsolete and absurd article of domestic furniture has aroused considerable attention with regard to its defects. A courteous correspondent writes, "I have pleasure in stating that about a month ago I patented a 'Silent Coal Box' made so by leather lining and fastenings. The present awful row is caused by concussion, and is absolutely deadened by leather. This material lasts longer than metal, and is cheaper. The lining can be fitted to all existing coal-scuttles." I am very glad to hear all this. The Silent Coal Box will be "a boon and a blessing to men," and I sincerely trust it will be introduced before summer days render us independent of the noisy but necessary scuttle.

A winter or two ago I suggested that some skilful tailor should make a high stand-up collar of cloth—if lined with fur so much the better—that could be attached to the ordinary overcoat by means of buttons and worn as a protection against the biting blast. This invention I christened the "Bystander Collar," and I placed the idea at the disposal of anyone who felt inclined to manufacture it. But nobody seemed disposed to take it up. Had they done so during last week they might have made a fortune. For seldom has such a keen wind been experienced. It was a wind that pierced your garments and sent a thousand draughts through the warp and weft of the material of which they were composed; it gave you the sensation of a cold shower bath all over, and made your back feel like an iced captain's biscuit. It was a wind that made your eyes water, your nose red, and your cheek sore, it stabbed you in a thousand places, it gripped you in every spot not doubly protected. Silk scarves, however closely twined, woollen wraps however cunningly devised, formed but a weak barrier against the probing of the baleful breeze. It was then that the Bystander Collar would have been as grateful and comforting to mankind as a certain cocoa is alleged to be. I am inclined to think the bleak, black, biting, blusterous, blinding, blighting, blizzardous blast is not yet over, and that the Bystander Collar might be a desirable acquisition long before we bask in the sunshine of spring.

When is someone in authority likely to insist upon the railings round the tops of omnibuses being made of such a height as shall ensure the safety of passengers? I have urged continually the necessity of this common-sense safeguard being applied at once. There is scarcely a week but what some accident takes place because this simple reform is not enforced, but yet those in authority take no notice whatever of the matter. Far more accidents have taken place in this period of garden-seats than in the old knife-board days. It was only last week that a man fell from the roof of an omnibus and was killed. If omnibuses were properly protected such a catastrophe would be impossible.

## THE "BELLS" OF HOLY WEEK



A COLLECTION OF SUBSTITUTES FOR BELLS

ON the Continent it has been the custom from time immemorial to stop the ringing of the church bells from Thursday to Saturday in Holy Week. On those days the bells are silent, as if to associate themselves with the mourning and meditation of the faithful who are commemorating the death of Christ. The bells take up again their daily duties when on the eve of Easter they joyfully proclaim the Resurrection. The solemn silence of the bells has given rise to a pretty legend, according to which the bells of all the churches are carried through the air on the wings of angels to Rome, there to receive the Papal blessing. Children, in their happy state of unreasoning belief, watch for the departure and return of the bells and fancy they see.



AT ROME



AT ROME

The most rudimentary substitute is a wooden mallet, with which the Sacristan beats everything within his reach that will reverberate. The *claquette* is another of these instruments. Every

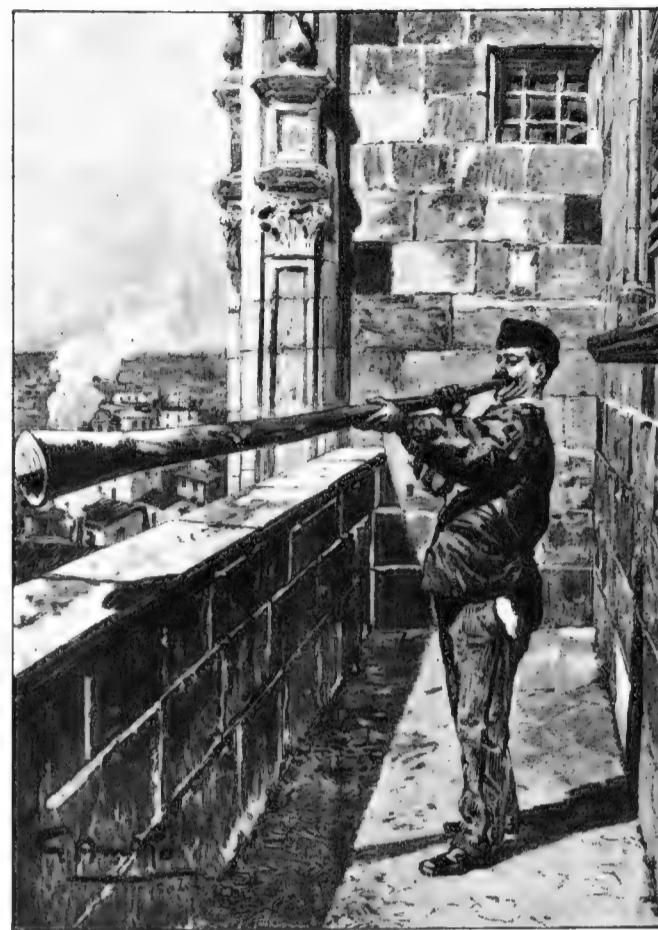


THE "MATRACA" IN THE Belfry OF THE CATHEDRAL OF BARCELONA



AT LA TRAPE, SOLIGNAC

continental traveller has seen it in the hands of hawkers of wafers. It consists of a piece of hard wood, on which a piece of iron resembling the handle of a shop shutter is made to strike rapidly. The *battoir* (battledore) is an instrument so called from its shape, and has a clapper fixed by hinges which can be made to flap in cadence with the swing of the arm. Others partake of the system of castanets. They consist primarily of a flat piece of wood, against which two movable flat pieces of wood, fastened loosely near the handle, are made to flap. Another set of instruments is made on the system of the old policeman's rattle. The principle of this instrument hardly needs explanation. Briefly stated, it consists of a tongue of wood fixed at one end and pressing with the after extremity against a cog-wheel, which, when turned, causes the tongue to reverberate. These church rattles are of considerable size, and metal is often substituted for wood, so that the noise they make is penetrating. Again, the tongues are multiplied, and the noise is further increased by a cogged wheel and by its tongues being encased in a cylinder. Then it becomes a kind of musical-box, a barrel-organ without notes or airs. It would be difficult to draw up a list of all the instruments used as substitutes or bells in different countries. The *claque* is used in a number of districts. It is to be found in use in different shapes and under various names in Italy, in Spain, and in Austria. At Florence it is called *tabella*, at Padua *crepitaculo*, at Naples *trocola*,



THE TRUMPETER ON THE TOWER OF THE CHURCH AT AMBERT



AT THE CHURCH OF SAINT LOUP AT BILLOM, IN AUVERGNE

AT THE CHURCH OF SAINT CERNEUF AT BILLOM, IN AUVERGNE



ONE OF THE INSTRUMENTS USED IN SIENNA

at Rovigo *batarella*, at Palermo *crocola*, and in the Abruzzi *tricrac*. Each place has its variety of the same instrument, and has its own designation for it. At Sienna a sort of tablet is used on which are two iron balls fixed by chains, and which when beaten produces a penetrating sound. The French rattle, shown in one of the illustrations, makes a deal of noise, but it lacks the rhythmical cadence of the other instruments. The *matraca*, a castanet-like instrument used in Spain, deserves

mention. It consists of a hexagonal cylinder turning a horizontal axle, which is given a rotary movement by a cord, and as it turns rows of hinged hammers rise and fall against the walls of the cylinder. An instrument of this description is to be seen in the Cathedral of Barcelona. Placed high in the belfry the instrument emits more sound than one would think, and is a veritable wooden bell.

These various instruments are used at certain hours—in the morning before Mass, at midday for the Angelus, two or three times in the afternoon to announce services, and at the end of the day. In some countries these instruments are merely used inside the church, while in others they are made use of in the belfry or in the open street.

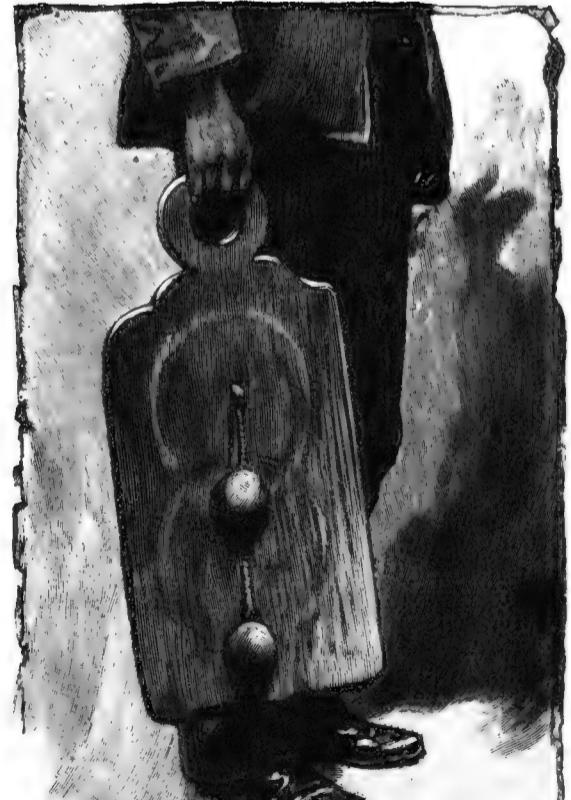
But wood and iron have not alone the privilege of being used for summoning the faithful during the annual silence of the bells. In Andalusia, for instance, the *zambomba* is used. The name is a perfect example of a word with an imitative origin. The *zambomba* is a drum-like instrument, consisting of a skin stretched over a kind of basin, and is beaten with a stick. In Corsica the mountaineers replace the tinkling of the bells by firing a musket. In France, Auvergne is remarkable for using wind instruments, which are, of



THE "TROCOLA" USED IN NAPLES

course, more musical than any of the instruments of the castanet order. Billom, an ancient little town in Dupuy de Domme, formerly the seat of a university, has the advantage of possessing two interesting churches and some excellent trumpeters. On Maunday Thursday and Good Friday these trumpeters mount up into the belfries and thence pour forth into the air notes of brass to remind the congregations of the Church's services. Boldly perched on an outside ledge of a belfry window of the Church of Saint Loup at Billom, two men, father and son, turn by turn blow blasts on horns. At the other church, St. Cerneuf, on the platform of the tower, a man, a sort of land triton, who unconsciously seems to represent the fanfares of mythology, blows with all his might a conch. But nothing can

equal the instrument of the trumpeter at the church at Ambert. His long trumpet of archaic shape, which he holds in both hands, reminds one of the instrument used in the belfries of Moscow at the coronation of the Tsar. With the end of the trumpet extended over the parapet like a cannon in an embrasure, the man blows solemn blasts which can be heard far afield. Change the man's modern garments for a tabard, and you would have a picture of the middle ages. It is hardly necessary to say that in Paris the substitutes for the bells are not used nowadays. They would be of little use in the everlasting din of the city, in which the silence of the bells is not so noticeable as it is in the country.



A TABLET USED AT SIENNA

## THE GRAPHIC

## The Covent Garden Opera Season

A FIRST list of artists for the Covent Garden season, and the proposed repertory, have now been issued to the subscribers. Furthermore, the public have been invited to subscribe to 60,000/- worth of 4 per cent. debentures upon the whole of the opera property. It seems that the new Grand Opera Syndicate, who have themselves privately subscribed upwards of 60,000/- towards the enterprise, paid on Saturday, through the directors, Earl de Grey and Mr. Higgins, to Mr. Faber's solicitors the full sum of 117,000/- for acquiring the whole of Mr. Faber's interest in Covent Garden, that is to say, in a lease of forty-eight years' unexpired, at a ground rent of 791/- 10s., plus the whole of the scenery, dresses, &c., for upwards of seventy operas and the box furniture and other fittings of the opera house. Mr. Faber, however, like the Duke of Bedford, the ground landlord, keeps gratuitously for himself a private box. The opera profits, after paying all outgoings, and after also paying a rent of close upon 8,000/- a year, have during the past two years been on an average of 4,400/-. Now that the syndicate pay less than 1,000/- ground rent the profits will, it is hoped, be at least 12,000/-.

which, we fear, will hardly be found to be particularly suitable to so large a stage. The artists specially engaged for the German season are, besides Frau Mottl, Frau Wittisch, a singer from Dresden; Frau Gadski, a Wagnerian soprano, who has sung in New York; Frau Seiffert, a dramatic soprano, who comes from Zurich; and Frau Schumann-Heink, together with Mdlle. Oelitzka, who can sing equally in Italian, English, or German. Besides the brothers De Reszké, who will take part in some of these representations, the singers available for the German operas likewise include M.M. Van Dyck, Dippel, Schramm, a light tenor, who has been engaged for the part of David in *Die Meistersinger*, M.M. Van Rooy and Muhlmann. The conductor will be Herr Mottl, and possibly also Dr. Muck, of Berlin.

Great changes are being made in the opera house. We understand there is to be to a certain extent a re-arrangement of the private boxes, and also the old act drop has been abandoned in favour of the Savoy plan of a curtain parted in the middle. Some thing like 7,000/- is now being spent upon the installation of the electric light, both in the auditorium and on the stage, while also a smoking lounge is being erected over the portico, the place which, when opera goers had to shiver there in the cold, while smoking

recognised by his wearing of the bearskin; while the other band-masters, with the exception of Herr Möller, of the 1st Guards, who is conspicuous for the curious headpiece handed down to us from the time of Frederick the Great, wear the more serviceable uniform. Almost in the centre of the front rank is Professor Rossberg, head of the class of music at the Berlin Hochschule, at which the young band-masters are trained; while the other members of the group represent various regiments of the Guards, Dragoons, Pioneers, field artillery, and so forth.

British band-masters are trained at Kneller Hall, but our bandsmen, as most people are aware, are practically private soldiers or non-commissioned officers, receiving from the Government little more than bare Army pay, their incomes, however, being largely increased by the money earned by private engagements, and the contributions of the officers of the regiment, who often have to put their hands into their pockets for this purpose more frequently than they care for. Yet although not made by the very strict discipline of the Prussian bandsman, our crack British bands are acknowledged by the German officers themselves to be not a whit inferior to those of the Fatherland.

The German bandmaster, on the other hand, is largely employed by

Herr Kühle,  
Kapellmeister, Garde Pionier  
Battalion

Herr Voigt,  
Kapellmeister, 1st Garde Drago-  
ner Regiment (Chef; H.M. The  
Queen of England)

Mr. John Rogan,  
Bandmaster, H.M. Coldstream  
Guards

Herr Rosin,  
Kapellmeister, 2nd Garde  
Dragoner Regiment

Herr Möller,  
Kapellmeister, 1st Garde  
Regiment

Herr Graf,  
Kapellmeister, 2nd Garde  
Regiment



Herr Au Ischätsch,  
Kapellmeister, 5th Garde Regi-  
ment zu Fuss

Herr Baumgarten,  
Kapellmeister, Feldartillerie  
Regiment

Herr Prof. Rossberg,  
Armee Musik Inspizient, Pro-  
fessor a.d. Königl. Hochschule  
für Musik

Herr Berger,  
Kapellmeister, 4th Garde  
Guards, Pionier Battalion  
Regiment

Corporal Burkhardt

GERMAN BANDMASTERS AND THEIR ENGLISH VISITOR  
A MUSICAL ENTENTE CORDIALE

annually. The company likewise have the sole rights during the opera season to the performance of Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, *Tristan und Isolde*, and *Die Meistersinger*, and also of *Romeo*, *Carmen*, *Manon*, and certain other operas of the French repertory.

The season of 1899, which will open on May 8, will be upon a more diversified scale than those of former years, which have mainly been devoted to French works, and largely to French singers. Indeed, although there will be no special cycles of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, which, in fact, will be given at Bayreuth before the opera season is over, there will be twelve special performances of German operas, mainly by German vocalists, and with the assistance of a special chorus brought over from the Fatherland. Herr Mottl has been engaged to conduct these representations, and his wife, that distinguished vocalist Frau Mottl, will sing at least two or three times, she making her first appearance upon the stage in this country on the opening night of the season, singing Elsa to the Lohengrin of M. Jean de Reszké. Besides this work *Tannhäuser*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Tristan und Isolde*, and *Fidelio* will likewise be given in German, and, in order to make the German season a little lighter than usual, it is likewise proposed to give some representations of *Hänsel und Gretel*, a work

their cigarettes, was irreverently termed "the leads." The complete alterations to the stage, including an installation of electric apparatus for moving heavy scenery, etc., will not be ready for the coming season, but it will be gradually applied to the opera house so as to make the stage of Covent Garden as perfect in its way as Drury Lane now is. Also the orchestra will be much changed, the first violinist and several other leaders coming from America.

### German and British Bandmasters

THE recent visit to Germany of Mr. John Rogan, bandmaster of the Coldstream Guards, has not only enabled us to learn a good deal about the status of music and its professors in the German army, but has also been the means of a happy interchange of compliments between British bandmasters and their Teutonic colleagues. One evidence of the *entente cordiale* is an arrangement between the two bands to exchange runs. Another is the handsome photograph from which our illustration is taken, in which some of the leading German bandmasters, in their full dress uniforms, volunteered to form a group with their British visitor. Mr. Rogan himself will readily be

the conscription. The bandsman, it is true, is only liable to like the ordinary private soldier to serve his compulsory time, but afterwards he may volunteer from year to year, until after seven years' service he has a right to a post in the Post Office or after twelve years to 50/- gratuity and a berth for life in the Imperial railways, or Post Office, or other Government service. The German bandsman, besides his military duties, has a right to give performances for the delectation of nursemaids and the general public in the parks and open spaces, and, like his British colleague, he is also permitted to accept private engagements in concert halls and elsewhere. In order, however, that he should not undersell his civilian *confrère*, the War Minister has fixed for him a minimum pay of one mark per hour, a sum which will considerably amuse the British musician, who would certainly turn up his noble nose at three shillings' remuneration for a three-hour's performance. The bandmaster of the Coldstream Guards, by special consent of the Emperor, was allowed the full opportunity of investigating the details of army band music both at Berlin and at Potsdam. Mr. Rogan, indeed, was most cordially received, and if any German bandsman should care to visit England, the hospitality thus shown will most cordially be returned to Kneller Hall and elsewhere.

## Britain and France in Africa

## THE NEW AGREEMENT

"AFRICA," said Lord Salisbury once in a moment of pardonable petulance, "was invented to be the plague of Foreign Offices." This plague has been now to a large extent stayed, and the result is chiefly due to the statesmanship of Lord Salisbury. Since 1891 he has worked with admirable skill and persistence at the many large and delicate problems offered by the scramble for the Dark Continent. To-day these problems have all been solved, and even some provision has been made against a recrudescence of danger, as in the secret Anglo-German Agreement, by which precautions have been taken against any perils which might arise from the crumbling of Portuguese power in Africa.

The African problems which have caused Lord Salisbury and the English public the most anxiety have been those in which the interests of this country have come into conflict with the pretensions of France. In 1870 there was a chance of avoiding these problems. Both Governments were agreed on a scheme by which our Colony on the Gambia was to be exchanged for all the French possessions and Colonies between the Rio Pongos and the Gaboon. This would have given us the whole of the Niger, and would probably have shut out France from access to the frontiers of Upper Egypt. Unfortunately, there was a great aversion in this country to the sacrifice of so ancient a Colony as the Gambia, and the agreement was not proceeded with. The result was that France took up various points of vantage on the West Coast in such a way that when, in 1891, the doctrine of hinterland was invented she was enabled to overrun the remoter spheres of influence of the British Colonies from two different directions, and thus to hem them in from access to the interior. Two very serious questions thus arose. In the first place there was the threatened strangling of our West African Colonies; in the second place there was the chance that while France held us in check on the west she would be able to turn her superfluous energies eastward and invade our sphere of influence on the Upper Nile, which had been defined by Agreements with Germany, Italy, and the Congo State in 1891, but which France had refused to recognise. The Niger and Nile questions consequently became parts of one large problem which has now been satisfactorily settled in one diplomatic instrument, for it has been agreed that the Convention concluded last Tuesday week with regard to the Upper Nile shall be treated as an appendix to the Treaty of June 14, 1898, in which the Niger side of the problem was solved.

The provisions of the Treaty of last June need only be summarily referred to. They did not give us all we wanted or even all that we had a right to expect, but Lord Salisbury wisely recognised that the real danger was on the Nile, and it was necessary to keep his big guns in reserve for that question. Nevertheless, the Treaty gave us as much territory as we could conveniently manage. It awarded to us the whole of the magnificent Empire of Sokoto, and it saved a very large portion of the hinterland of the Gold Coast. Moreover, it carried out on a larger scale the principle of reciprocal trade and tariff arrangements which had been arrived at in 1895 with regard to Sierra Leone, creating a sort of free trade zone covering the Colonies of both Powers between the Ivory Coast and Lake Tchad. One result of this Agreement, as a glance at the map will show, was that Great Britain was thenceforth shut out from connecting her West Coast Colonies with her sphere of influence on the Upper Nile, while France had the road eastward open to her from two points—the hinterland of her Congo Colony and the eastern shore of Lake Tchad. This fact was not allowed to pass unnoticed at the time. In a note to M. Hanotaux, our Ambassador, Sir E. Ponson, warned France "that the possession of the eastern shores of Lake Tchad may in the future open up a road to the Nile, and Her Majesty's Government must not be understood to admit that any other European Power than Great Britain has any claim to occupy any part of the Valley of the Nile." This warning was all the more necessary since it was already a *secret de Polichinelle* that a French expedition under Major Marchand was then actually marching towards the forbidden territory with the intention of planting the French flag there. The story of that expedition and its inglorious collapse is still fresh in the public mind. Its only practical effect was to convince France that the moment had arrived for settling on a definite and permanent basis the Nile side of the Anglo-French African problem. This solution has now been accomplished. The Convention signed the other day by Lord Salisbury and M. Cambon achieves all that British statesmanship has been striving for since the conclusion of the Anglo-German Agreement of 1891. The frontiers laid down in that Agreement, which France at the time ostentatiously refused to recognise, which she protested against on the occasion of Lord Kimberley's ill-fated Anglo-Congolese Agreement, and which she openly defied by her invasion of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, she has now been compelled to admit and respect. Nor has Lord Salisbury been immoderate in insisting on this minimum concession. He might, had he wished, have pushed Egyptian and British claims much further into the no-man's-land, which lies between Darfur and the Niger, and have demanded a fair division of that region with France. In not doing so he has, no doubt, facilitated an agreement besides avoiding a fresh "white man's burden" of a peculiarly onerous and exhausting kind. Henceforth all the ancient provinces of Egypt are assured to the Khedivate and the Bahr-el-Ghazal frontier on the watershed of the Nile and Congo is no longer disputed by any Power. So far Lord Salisbury has only secured what he had every right to demand and expect. The treaty however, contains a further provision for which the public was scarcely prepared and which cannot but be counted as a very gratifying success for British diplomacy. This is the clause which extends the Free Trade zone laid down in the Niger Agreement

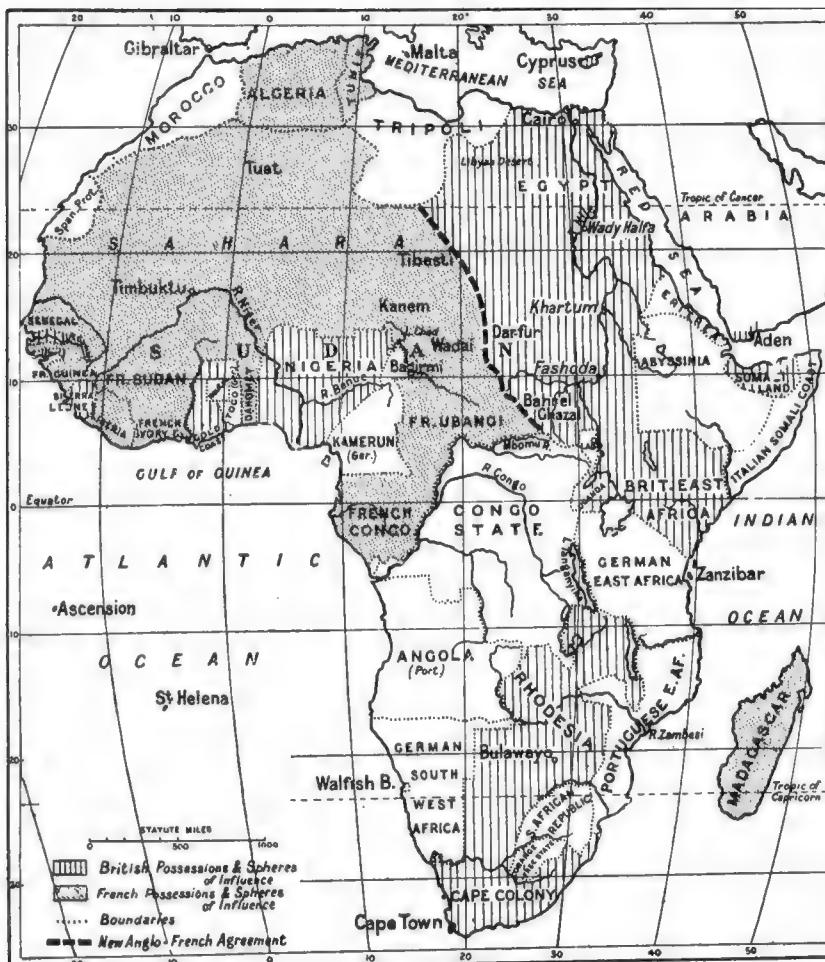
from Lake Tchad to the Nile. Henceforth British trade, in an immense sweep of territory from the Ivory Coast to within a few miles of Suakin, will be relieved from the anxiety and persecution of hostile tariffs.

Although Great Britain obtains all she wanted by the recent Agreement it must not be concluded that France gains nothing. If she recognises our frontiers we at the same time recognise hers, and by this means an enormous area is secured to her colonising activity. The whole of the Sahara region, including the Sultanates of Wadai, Bagirmi, Kanem, and Tibesti, is now hers to subdue and assimilate at her leisure. No doubt much of this region is "light land," but there is still a great deal that is well worth having. At any rate it looks well, and even splendid on the map, and this is of no small importance when the sensitiveness of French *amour propre* is taken into consideration.

## Musical Notes and News

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN is expected in London towards the end of next month, and for this reason his Symphony announced at the next Crystal Palace Concert has been postponed, as it is hoped he will be able to conduct it on April 29. Sir Arthur has been at Biarritz, partly engaged upon music to the new light opera which he is writing for the Savoy, to a libretto by Mr. Basil Hood. Sir Arthur, indeed, intends to go in for light music, and he has undertaken to write a libretto by Mr. Davis ("Owen Hall") to a musical comedy intended first for Mr. Daly in the United States



George Philip and Son, 32, Fleet Street  
MAP SHOWING THE RELATIVE POSSESSIONS AND SPHERES OF INFLUENCE OF THE TWO POWERS  
ENGLAND AND FRANCE IN AFRICA

next winter, and afterwards in the spring for London, probably at Daly's theatre.

## DR. JOACHIM AND THE "POPS"

The Popular Concert season closed on Monday, when the Joachim Quartet made their last appearance. On Saturday the chief items of their programme was Beethoven's posthumously published Quartet in F, Op. 135; but on Monday the scheme announced was a more diversified one, as the audience had expressed a wish to hear Dr. Joachim in some solos, so that some half a dozen of the Joachim-Brahms "Hungarian Dances" held the place of honour. Persistent rumours have been current that the Monday Popular Concerts are to be abandoned. Happily this has proved incorrect, although their number next year will be strictly limited to seven—namely, from February 26 to April 9, 1900; and in some of them at least the Joachim Quartet Party will no doubt take part. Indeed, the evening concerts are now so little patronised, as compared with the Saturday Afternoon Concerts, that their days would almost seem to be numbered. On the other hand, the Saturday Popular Concerts will continue as usual, and twenty performances will be given between November 11 and April 7 next. Towards the end of this week Dr. Joachim will leave for Munich, where he will take part in an Orchestral Concert, and will afterwards go on a short tour with his Quartet Party. The special performance, under the auspices of the Berlin High School, in honour of the great violinist's diamond jubilee, will take place on April 22, when about ninety of Dr. Joachim's former pupils will come from all parts of Europe in order to appear in a special programme. This, so far as a violin teacher is concerned, is practically unique, although at the Guildhall School a few years ago one of the professors of singing gave a concert in which a choir of upwards of a hundred of his present vocal pupils took part.

## Court and Club

BY "MARMADUKE"

THE Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race is the first of the six fixtures which occur during the London season. As it is the starting point it is natural that many should now speculate as to the sort of season which 1899 will provide. The latest generation does not favour balls and parties; it is athletic, enjoys rowing, golf, cycling, and kindred amusements. Moreover, the young men and women of to-day prefer small dinner parties at restaurants and an adjournment to the theatre to the large formal gatherings which society delighted in formerly.

The whole tendency in this respect now is against formality and mobs. Four, six, or eight are the little clusters which make a trip on the river, or dine together at a restaurant, whilst in former times the young men and women reserved all their energies to enable them to dance all night in crowded rooms. It is not to be denied that the latest generation is in the right, but it must not be ignored that those who came before them would gladly have adopted the same course, though the prejudices of the times were too strong to permit them to gratify their wish.

From the point of view of brilliancy, and also from that of the London tradesman, this modern development is seriously to be deplored. Great entertainments, such as the Bachelors' Ball which was given in 1880, do not take place in these days, nor is the cotillon ever danced now at which presents are distributed, some of which cost so high a price as 50/- and even 100/- apiece. Entertainments of this kind render a London season memorable, and scatter the money freely in the manner that the tradespeople most admire.

Taking into consideration the alteration in the taste of society, the decrease in the value of land, and the severe losses which West End men have suffered during recent years through unintelligent speculation, it is easy to foresee that the present season cannot be expected to be so brilliant and so successful as were those, for instance, which occurred in the eighties. Moreover, the element of gambling has to be taken into account. Bridge, and other games, are played habitually at almost every house, and their attractions are too absorbing to admit of any rival.

Thirty years ago stocks and shares were uncommon words which club men did not attach much importance to. To-day not only the men but the majority of the women know the latest prices of the leading speculative venture as soon and as accurately as they are known in the City. The love of gambling—that is of making money quickly—has taken possession of the whole community, and those whose minds are riveted upon the variations of stock cannot be expected to take keen interest in society. This is partly responsible for marked decay in the art of conversation and for the poverty of wit, which is a curious feature of the generation. Scandal, of course, still attracts attention, but even the most reprehensible conduct is now treated with comparative indifference. How to acquire money quickly and easily is the one important and absorbing subject.

Mr. Richard Cadbury, who died last week in Jerusalem, was one of those, of whom there are many in England, who spend enormous sums in doing good without wishing to advertise their benevolence. Outside Birmingham and its neighbourhood few knew how generous Mr. Cadbury was. Living in comparative simplicity and obscurity he devoted much of his energy and fortune to improving the condi-

tion, moral and material, of those who had not been so fortunate as he had. The semi-professional charity touts, the promoters of bazaars, and those who hunt up subscriptions for the latest fund, were for the most part ignorant of the charitable disposition of the late Mr. Cadbury, as they fortunately are of the existence of many others who are as rich as he was and as benevolent. Even in the suburbs of London there are many men who are enormously wealthy, and devote much of their wealth to charitable purposes, who lead such unpretentious, undemonstrative lives that they pass unnoticed. Long may they escape detection.

"The Civilising Cycle" was a phrase which first appeared in this column. It is therefore gratifying that Mr. Balfour should have taken it as the theme of his speech when he addressed the members of the National Cycling Union on Friday evening at the Trocadero. This two-wheeled contrivance is the poor man's ten-legged boots. It enables him to live in the fresh air far from the vitiating atmosphere where he has to work, and with it he can roam all over the world gathering knowledge and experience. The cycle, moreover, is a leveller of the first rank, for on the two-wheeled vehicle most men are equals—more or less.

Those who were young in the seventies must have heard with regret that Dr. Lynn died last week. The late Dr. Lynn was at one time a popular illusionist, and his performances at the Egyptian Hall, and at other well-known places of entertainment, attracted the children of those days in their hundreds. His was once a household name, and those who derived so much pleasure from his performances when they were young cannot but regret to hear of his death.



WINTER IN NEW YORK: SLEIGHING IN CENTRAL PARK

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



The drawing is out of perspective in order to show the Whitehall Place as well as the Whitehall Avenue frontage

THE NEW WAR OFFICE IN WHITEHALL

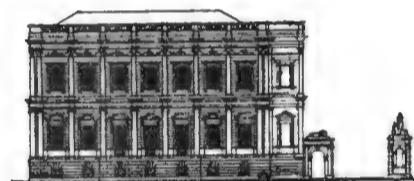
### George Morland's Industry and Idleness

By JOSEPH GREGO

IT is interesting to learn that these paintings were produced by George Morland at the height of his powers, and, like similar "moral suites" on the Hogarthian model, were designed to inculcate an improving lesson on the horrors and misery, planned by the same painter, following in the train of youthful extravagance and dissipation, of which the young artist had already realised the consequences in his own experiences; and the contrast resulting from early industry, application, and economy, of which Morland had no more than a theoretical idea; in fact, it will be realised at a glance that the former picture was painfully real, while the rooseate prosperity and respectability were unaffectedly ideal. This pair of improving pictorial sermons were vastly popular, and quite a little fortune was realised by the extended sale of the engravings. In such request were they held, both at home and abroad, that they were engraved and re-engraved several times over. The original versions were by William Ward; these fine mezzotints render complete justice to the original pictures. Later on, encouraged by the success of the first versions, the publisher commissioned W. Ward to mezzotint a larger pair, in which to fit the advance of fashion, the feminine mode was brought up to date, and the fair and prosperous lady is shown in the fashion of "the Empire," in a straight and clinging dress, her picturesque cap, and "picture-hat" are banished, as are her flowing curls, while her hair is turned up in the Napoleonic Court fashion, with a knob at the top. Moreover, another artist was commissioned to produce a pair of *pendants*, bringing the suite up to a set of four; similar success rewarded this somewhat mistaken innovation, and piracies and foreign copies in stipple were further circulated as the demand seemed to increase.

Morland's biographers have related many details of these important works, which were held to demonstrate the painter's fitness for higher things than his ambition ordinarily prompted the artist to essay. It was, according to William Collins, who published the painter's memoirs in 1806, owing to that writer's ingenious suggestion, that Morland was induced to paint these pictures. Curiously enough the plan was broached when the painter's own youthful extravagance had so complicated his personal affairs that, at the age of twenty-five, the artist felt the apprehensions of imprisonment for debt about to be painfully realised. His solicitor and steadfast friend, Mr. Wedd, had procured for Morland immediate security from arrest for his wine merchant's and other bills, "the benefit of the rules of the Board of Green Cloth." Within the precincts of this privileged spot

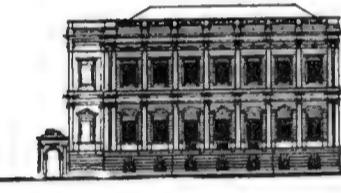
the painter withdrew himself and his professional belongings to lodgings within the mysterious rules, transferring his easel to Buckingham Court, Charing Cross, and under the sinister turn of his own circumstances, within this sanctuary for insolvents, Morland was inspired to paint the "Effects of Youthful Extravagance," to which his actual experiences lent peculiar zest. It may be mentioned that pages of description have, by Morland's biographers,



Whitehall Place



Horse Guards Avenue



THE NEW WAR OFFICE, WITH THE BANQUETING HALL ON THE RIGHT AND THE PROPOSED PARLIAMENTARY LIBRARY ON THE LEFT

been devoted to telling the story of these pictures, and enlarging, on the propriety of the moral lesson, and the life-like truth which adorns the tale. The pictures were sold to Mr. Simpson, described as a drawing-master, and published with the able assistance of Morland's brother-in-law, William Ward, whose mastery of the fine art of mezzotinting is displayed to advantage in the execution of the plate.

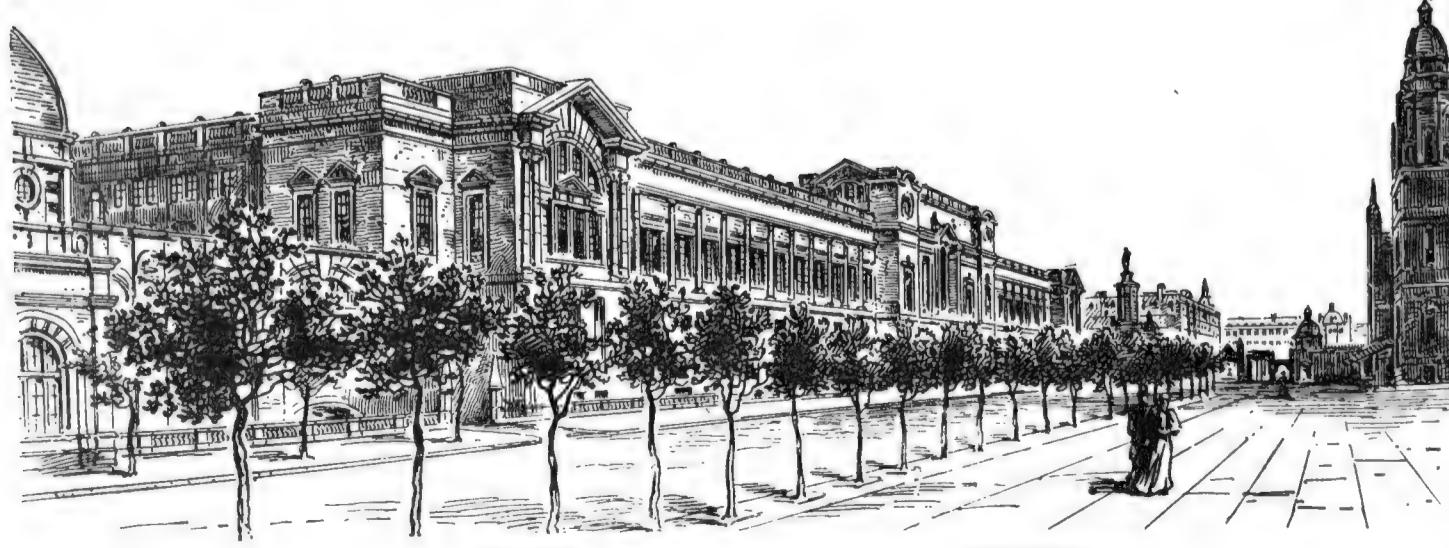
That nothing should be wanting "to point the moral" certain descriptive verses by S. Collings, after the manner of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," were engraved beneath the twin engravings published in 1789.

#### THE EFFECTS OF YOUTHFUL EXTRAVAGANCE AND IDLENESS

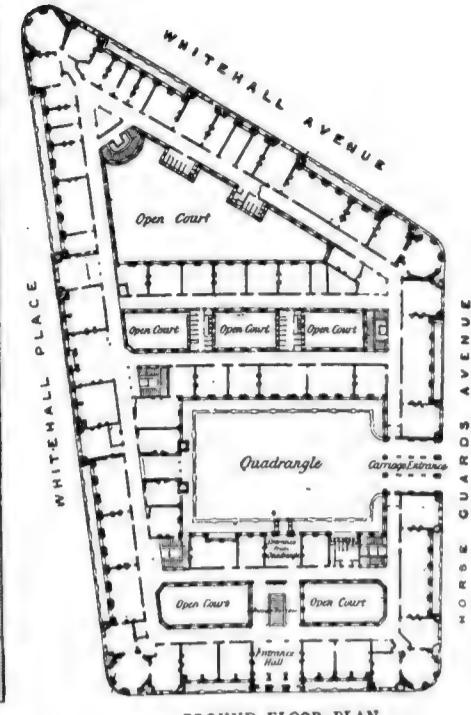
What misery in a narrow scale confined,  
The mournful work of one degenerate mind:  
See fair Fidelity, that migh't have blest  
A fond—a victim to a faithless breast.  
The gloomy prospect of her opening day,  
See Beauty blooming;—to the world a prey.  
While the lost son, deprest his youthful fire,  
Looks sad conviction to the conscious sire!

#### THE FRUITS OF EARLY INDUSTRY AND ECONOMY

Lo here, what ease, what elegance you see,  
The just reward of youthful Industry  
The happy Grandsire looks thro' all his race,  
Where well-earned plenty brightens every face.  
The beauteous Daughter school'd in virtue's lore,  
Now gives the example she receiv'd before,  
While her fond Husband, train'd to fair renown,  
Sees future laurels his brave offspring crown.



THE PROPOSED ROYAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE AT SOUTH KENSINGTON



GROUND FLOOR PLAN

### The New Government Offices

By H. W. BREWER

THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD

THE erection of new Government Offices at Westminster is by no means a new idea. Years back during the fifties Sir Charles Barry prepared a fine plan for the concentration of all the public Government offices in that most appropriate locality. The plan was possibly a little too Utopian, and the cost would have been prodigious, as the space between Parliament Street and the Thames

would have been, for the most part, occupied with ornamental gardens, the Houses of Parliament being completed by the addition of a vast court covering the space now railed in adjoining Bridge Street, the Clock Tower, and the north end of

Westminster Hall. The noble quadrangle would have been entered by a massive gateway. St. Margaret's Church was to be removed to the site of the Westminster Guildhall, and the whole space between St. James's Park and Parliament Street occupied by Government buildings and official residences; the effect of wandering from one stately quadrangle to another would have impressed the mind as does a visit to Oxford or Cambridge. Although in such a wealthy country as England such a scheme could not possibly have been carried out, and it would be necessary to expect its realisation in Germany, Austria or Italy, yet practical common sense should have dictated to our cheseparing Governments that the general scheme might have been considered, though modified as to some of its most expensive details. Of course successive acts of cheseparing and meanness, such as the mutilated and miserable land frontage of the Houses of Parliament, and the ruin of the whole west side frontage of Whitehall by the planning of the façade of the Home Office all askew to the building and thoroughly out of gear to everything else, from a false notion of economy, have seriously impeded the architects of our day. A return to Barry's plan has been rendered impossible—we should point out that Sir Gilbert Scott was in no way responsible for the crookedly set on front of the Home Office, and we are told, protested against it—but the difficulties it has created are in one sense insuperable as the new Local Government Board building cannot possibly be continued in a line with the Home Office, without blocking up the street, and therefore we must rest content to see this terrible blunder got over by an unsightly angle. It must be acknowledged that the architect of the new building for the Local

Government Board, Mr. J. Brydon, has done the very best that could be effected, towards getting over the great mistake that was made in the planning of the Home Office. A sort of triple triumphal arch, connects the two buildings just where the actual north of the former follows the square of its site, leaving the frontage angle to stand out unconnected with the new work. Mr. Brydon's elevation towards Parliament Street consists of a centre block, crowned by an attic and adorned with a portico of double

columns, and wings with attached three quarter columns; at each angle is a tower, the basement of the whole building including ground floor, and first floor are boldly rusticated. The south front facing on to George Street is nearly double the length of the Parliament elevation, and will be very important, as its centre entrances will lead immediately into a great circular court. This feature, we presume, is a hint borrowed from Inigo Jones's design for his magnificent palace at Whitehall, and we are glad to see that Mr. Brydon proposes to revive this fine idea. We have always suggested that it should find its realisation in some new building at Westminster. Very striking campanili flank the centre portions of the great façades towards George Street and Charles Street. The Home Office is to be completed by the addition of its towers, and the centre portion of the Treasury is to be raised up to the height of the latter building and united to it by an archway crossing Downing Street, somewhat similar to that which will unite Mr. Brydon's building and the Home Office.

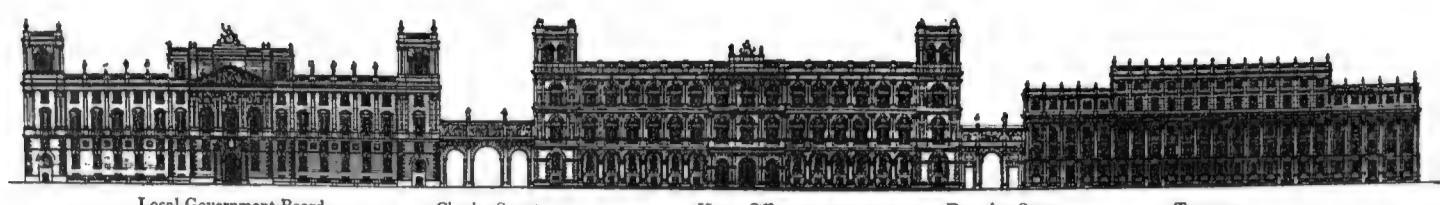
#### THE WAR OFFICE

The new War Office is to be erected on a very peculiar site, and the building will form a very irregular rhomboid, the smallest side of which faces Whitehall, the largest Whitehall Place, the next in point of extent towards Horse Guards Avenue, and the fourth towards Whitehall Avenue. A great deal of ingenuity is displayed in planning the building, so as to obtain a fairly symmetrical arrangement. We suppose the triangular courtyard to the east is rendered necessary by the site. We confess to a dislike for this form of court. The attempt to show so much of the two fronts in one drawing makes the angle tower between them look like a centre to the building, now, although this feature is quite important enough as a "ditto" to the tower. At the other angle of the Whitehall front it is not of sufficient importance to form the central object of so vast a building; however, as it will never be seen in that position, the perspective alone is responsible for this criticism; and this leads us to suggest to architects how very much better it would be if they would have their buildings drawn from possible instead of impossible points of view, and we believe that in nine cases out of ten the buildings so shown would look very much better, because a good architect always designs his building to suit its position and its surroundings, so why throw over all these conditions when you come to show the building in perspective?

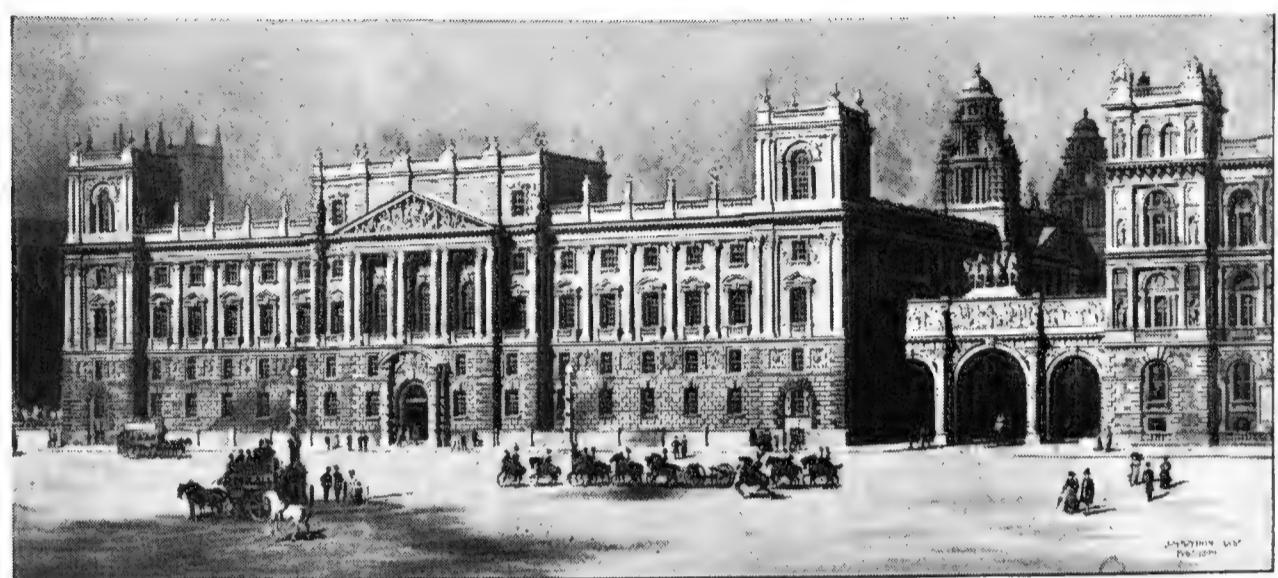
The colonnaded Whitehall front, with its flanking, dome-capped towers, will no doubt look extremely well, but we prefer it as shown in the elevation without the breaks in the centre. Mr. Young proposes eventually to have a replica of the Banqueting Hall erected on the opposite side of the War Office, which will make the whole thing a striking classical group. We think that the Chief Commissioner of Works, Mr. Akers Douglas, is to be congratulated upon both of these great designs. There has not yet been time to examine the plans in detail, but from what one sees of them they would appear to be very satisfactory. We cannot close this article without mentioning the very valuable assistance given both to the Government and the architects by Sir John Taylor, the Architect to Her Majesty's Office of Works.

#### THE NEW SCIENCE SCHOOLS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON

The plans for the new Science Schools at South Kensington, are part of the general scheme for the rehousing of Government departments and national museums. The particular object of these new schools is to provide accommodation for the Science Department and the coming teaching University of London. It has long been an open secret, and has recently been officially announced, that London University, when reconstituted, will take over the buildings of the Imperial Institute or the greater part of them; but further accommodation will still be required, and Mr. Aston Webb was therefore commissioned by the Government to prepare the plans which we reproduce. The new Science Schools will be on the south side of the Imperial Institute Avenue, exactly facing the main building.



THE NEW LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD OFFICES, WITH THE PROPOSED CONNECTION WITH THE HOME OFFICE AND TREASURY



THE NEW OFFICES OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD AND THE PROPOSED CHARLES STREET CONNECTION WITH THE HOME OFFICE

## The Theatres

BY W. MOY THOMAS

IN the far-off days when our theatres were closed in Holy Week by the fiat of the Lord Chamberlain, loud were the complaints of official tyranny; but now that they are left in this regard to their own devices it is found that a constantly increasing number of managers avail themselves of this opportunity of resting awhile from their arduous duties. Like Falstaff it is evident that they only objected to "compulsion." This year it is observed that an unprecedented number of important houses remain closed throughout the week. Others are content to close for part of the week. In the former category are HER MAJESTY'S, the HAYMARKET, the ST. JAMES'S, the LYCEUM, the CRITERION, the AVENUE, the ROYALTY, the GLOBE, DALY'S, and the LYRIC—ten in all. The STRAND, the COMEDY, and the PRINCE OF WALES's re-open this (Saturday) evening, the latter house with *The Only Way* transferred here from the LYCEUM, Mr. Martin Harvey's tenancy of the LYCEUM having come to an end on Saturday last. The DUKE OF YORK'S and the COURT close only on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday; TERRY'S on Thursday and Friday only.

As a rule the closed theatres will on Monday start into life again with the suddenness of the re-awakening in Lord Tennyson's Sleeping Palace; but some are delaying in order to complete the rehearsal of new plays. The re-appearance of Sir Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and company at the LYCEUM, so long and ardently expected, is still in the future; but it is thought that the preparations for M. Sardou's *Robespierre* will be completed in time for the production of that play about the middle of April. With the exception of Easter Monday, when he will re-open for a special and final performance of *Caste*, Mr. Hare will keep closed doors at the

GLOBE till April 8, when he will produce Mr. Pinero's new comedy, *The Gay Lord Quex*. The CRITERION remains closed till Thursday, April 6, the date on which day Mr. Charles Wyndham has determined to produce Mr. Haddon Chambers's play, *The Tyranny of Tears*. At HER MAJESTY'S *The Musketeers* will be granted a brief respite, the production of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play *Carnac Sahib* being arranged for April 12.

The suburban theatres which are so rapidly adding to their number and importance are, as a rule, open throughout the present week, save, of course, Good Friday; but there is a notable exception in the case of the SURREY, which keeps closed doors till this (Saturday) evening. It is to the suburban houses that we must look for Easter novelties. The new *Revue*, by Messrs. Tanner and Risque—music by M. Lambelet—is to come forth at the CORONET at Notting Hill; *The First Violin*, a play (based on Miss Jessie Fothergill's novel of that name), at the CROWN Theatre, Peckham; and *For the King*, a romantic play of the days of King Charles I., in which Miss Kate Vaughan will re-appear, at Croydon.

The death of Mr. Frank Manning, of the SAVOY Company, which took place at his residence at Clapham last week, has caused very general regret. As late as the preceding Saturday this clever young actor, who was a brother of Mr. Ambrose Manning, was playing his original part of Kedas, Chief of Police, in *The Lucky Star*. The cause of death was heart failure following upon pneumonia. Mr. Manning leaves a widow and two children.

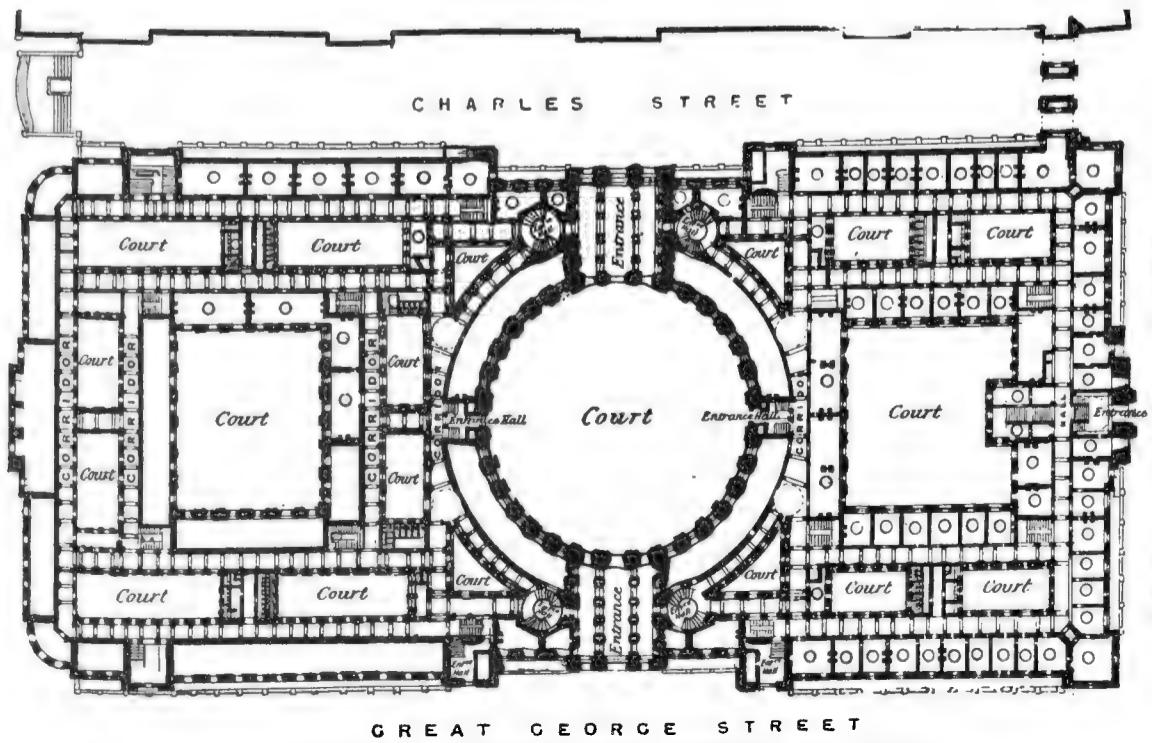
It is calculated that the next tour of Sir Henry Irving and his company in the United States, the arrangements for which have now been completed by Mr. Bram Stoker, will involve travelling on the American Continent to the extent of ten thousand miles. As the troupe will, it is said, take with them six hundred tons weight of scenery, costumes and properties, the undertaking will be clearly an arduous one. The long peregrinations of the company will commence in New York, at the KNICKERBOCKER Theatre, in which City they will make their first appearance on Oct 30. Thence they will visit all the chief cities in America, returning to England in April, 1900.

Messrs. Ernest Hendrie and Metcalfe Wood, authors of *The Elder Miss Blossom*, have provided Mr. and Mrs. Kendal with another, and, it is to be hoped, an equally fortunate play. It will be produced on Easter Monday at Blackpool, under the title of *The Poverty of Riches*.

Miss Wallis, who has for some time been absent from the London stage, has been appearing with her travelling company this week at the PRINCESS OF WALES'S Theatre, Kennington, as Isabella, in *Measure for Measure*, and as the heroine of Mr. Malcolm Watson's adaptation from the Spanish known as *The Pharisee*.

The BRITANNIA pantomime has this year enjoyed the distinction of surviving all its competitors, both in town and country. The fact is the more remarkable because Mrs. Sara Lane is the only manager who disdains to take the theme of her Christmas annual from the old familiar nursery rhymes and stories. *King Klondyke* was the title of the last pantomime at this popular establishment. The final performance was given on Saturday evening last.

*Halves, not Brothers*, as originally intended, is to be the title of Dr. Conan Doyle's new play. Before its production in London it will be brought out on April 10 at HER MAJESTY'S Theatre, Aberdeen.



GROUND PLAN OF THE NEW LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD OFFICES

## The Navy in the Eighteenth Century\*

WITH its third volume Mr. Laird Clowes' great naval history draws very close to our own century, and to the final struggle which secured for us the Empire and the command of the sea. The period treated extends from 1714 to 1793, though from want of space Mr. H. W. Wilson's account of the minor actions of the war of the American Revolution has had to be postponed to the fourth volume. The separation of the major and minor actions is, perhaps, the most serious defect of an otherwise excellent and valuable work. In extenuation of such a course, it should, however, be remembered that in a detailed narrative the lesser incidents are apt to interrupt and distract attention from the sequence of the great movements.

Mr. Clowes' own chapters on the civil history of the Navy during the period are of exceptional interest from the light which they shed upon the conditions of service in the fleet. We read of women being taken to sea in numbers, and when the *Sterling Castle* puts into a West Indian port 350 "sup and sleep on board." This was a scandal which lasted far on into the present century. Captains took with them to sea a regular retinue of "tailors, barbers, footmen, and fiddlers," and the well-known writer, Commodore Edward Thompson, actually had a painter with him who was hurried on deck to catch fine sunrises and sunsets. If this same Thompson can be believed—and there is some reason to suppose that he exaggerates—"in a man-of-war you have the collected filth of

175,990 men had been raised for the Navy, of whom 18,000 or more died of disease and 42,000 deserted. Yet, as Mr. Clowes points out, in Cook's second voyage, during a space of two years, only one man died of disease, showing that where care was taken this shameful sacrifice of life could be easily avoided.

A picturesque feature of the eighteenth century was the omnipresent pirate. Not very much is told us about him, but we learn that—

on September 5, 1717, a proclamation was issued offering a pardon for pirates committed before January 5, 1717, to all such pirates as should surrender themselves within a twelvemonth. After the expiration of that period of grace, a reward would be paid to any of His Majesty's officers, by sea or land, upon the reward of a pirate taken by him. The rewards promised were: for a captain 100*l.*; for any officer from a lieutenant down to a gunner, 40*l.*; for any inferior officer, 30*l.*

But down to the dawn of the nineteenth century the pirate was not wholly unknown even in our own British seas. Nelson, when a frigate captain, chased one; the letters from the captains on the impress service along our northern coast are full of accounts of their depredations. They shaded off into privateers, who were much more troublesome, if not quite so ferocious and bloodthirsty as the pirate of legend.

A feature of the present volume is a contribution by Captain Mahan, 220 pages long, dealing with the major operations of the American War. The great naval historian here writes with his customary care and lucidity, though he does not to any considerable

beaten, and it had snatched two or three creditable victories from its enemies. It had fought throughout with the utmost gallantry and determination. The next volume will tell the thrilling story of our national resurrection when it enters the most stirring and glorious epoch of modern history, the wars with the France of the Revolution and of Napoleon.

The illustrations are, as usual, excellent, and there is a most complete index to the volume. The work is an immeasurable advance upon any full history of the Navy as yet published, and its conception and execution reflect the greatest credit upon all concerned in its production.

## New Novels

"BROWN, V.C."

MRS. ALEXANDER'S new novel, "Brown, V.C. (T. Fisher Unwin), is in her best manner. It is not, as might be supposed from the title, a military novel; the gallant young soldier who believes his surname to be Brown is the hero of a good old-fashioned family romance in which the rightful heir of a noble house and its wrong but charming heiress reconcile their conflicting claims in the most universally satisfactory of all possible ways. The authoress displays her skill not so much in the invention of a plot



Fort Selkirk is a young settlement of cabins with a store at the junction of the Pelly River and the Lewes, and the traveller, when he has arrived here, is but one day's journey from Klondyke

TO KLONDYKE AND BACK: FORT SELKIRK

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.

jails. Condemned criminals have the alternative of hanging or entering on board." The condition of H.M.'s inferior officers is described by him as that of "filthy maggots." What we learn of the utter disregard of all sanitary precautions leads us to give some credit to these revoltings of the service. After a few months cruising in the Channel, where the climatic conditions have always been healthy, the *Sterling Castle* arrives at Portsmouth with but 160 men out of 480 fit for duty. Of the 480 no less than 225 had been pressed from the streets or taken out of gaols to fight for their country. That such scum gave a good account of itself in battle speaks volumes for the leadership and determination of the officers, who had always to face a two-fold battle, holding down their men on the one hand and beating the enemy on the other. One very unsavoury practice of the time was burying the bodies of captains or admirals who died on the voyage in the ship's ballast, and thus taking them home. Hosier, who died of fever in the West Indies, was thus buried temporarily in his flagship. The effect of this upon the health of the ship's company can be guessed. In two years Hosier's fleet lost over 4,000 officers and men out of an effective which never exceeded 4,750 men. Bad food, bad water—which, as "Poet" Thompson states, was taken from foul, covered-up tanks ashore—and neglect of the most obvious precautions, led to this horrible mortality. Towards the end of the century things were very little better. A return in the year 1780 showed that from 1774 to 1780,

extent make use of the original papers and documents in the Record Office. The following passage does much to explain the general want of success in its great enterprises which waited upon the Navy in this terrible war:

The Admiralty, like the Government of 1756, was open to censure through political maladministration. Everyone feared that blame would be shifted on to him, as it had been on to Byng—who deserved it; and not only so, but that blame would be pushed on to ruin, as in his case. The Navy was honeycombed with distrust, falling little short of panic. In this state of apprehension and doubt the tradition of the line of battle . . . produced hesitation and misunderstandings.

The energy of the captains when the signal for action went up was directed rather to preserve a precise and pedantic order of battle than to defeat the foe. And the Navy wanted a great leader; it had one to hand, indeed, in Rear-Admiral Samuel Hood, whose vitriolic criticisms of Rodney have only recently been given to the world, but Hood was not used as he should have been used. He was only a junior admiral, and the idea of selecting the best man, irrespective of birth or seniority, was not encouraged in 1780. Indeed, even in 1899 it is to be feared that the British Navy does not attach sufficient importance to the choice of commanders-in-chief, though, of course, we have moved forward.

The volume ends gloomily for the British Empire. Our fleet, only just numerically equal to its adversaries, was everywhere hard pressed. The colonies in America and Minorca were lost; the depression in England was very great, and many doubted whether the country could survive, or regain prosperity. Yet on the whole the British Navy had won great laurels. It had never been badly

as in its adornment with fresh interest, chiefly by means of sympathetic portraiture and an unsafely attractive style. "Brown, V.C." is a novel with which every class of reader will be pleased.

"THE MAYFAIR MARRIAGE"

In the person of Mrs. Julian Hamilton, Sappho by Christian name, and the autobiographic heroine of "The Mayfair Marriage" (Grant Richards), Mr. Grammont Hamilton has, with a sense of originality, satirised a type with which most people have more or less acquaintance. She is the rather clever, altogether superficial, and hopelessly muddle-headed young woman who gathers scraps of poetry, scraps of psychology, scraps of theology, and in short, of everything in fashion, misunderstands them all, and jumbles them up into a bewildering *alt. patois* which—unfortunately, pretty or otherwise attractive enough—is not without its charm. Sappho does appear to have been pretty and attractive, but this gives her an opportunity of illustrating the moral and sentimental muddle which mistakes itself for passion, just as the continually mental quality mistakes itself for brains. The story mainly tells how her sole protection from disaster lay in the fortune and self-vainglory which favours her species. The book itself consists of the self-revelations that such a woman would make in all seriousness, belief. They are unquestionably amusing, and were there fewer than nearly three hundred pages of them, they would be more amusing still.

\* "The Royal Navy," Vol. 3. By W. L. Clowes, assisted by Sir C. Markham, Captain A. T. Mahan, Mr. H. W. Wilson, Colonel T. Roosevelt, Mr. L. C. Laughton, &c. (London: Sampson Low, 1898.)

## THE GRAPHIC

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Mr. Rider Haggard is among those who have been greatly perplexed by the Parliamentary recognition of Conscientious Objection to Vaccination; and

In his perplexity it has occurred to an observer of these events—as a person who in other lands has seen and learned something of the ravages of smallpox among the unvaccinated—to try to forecast their natural and, in the view of many, their a most certain end. Hence these pages from the life history of the pitiable but unfortunate Dr. Therne—

who gives his name to Mr. Haggard's medical forecast of some twenty years hence (Longmans, Green, and Co.). Indeed, so much in the nature of a controversial pamphlet is the tale as to obscure its points of dramatic interest; while these in turn are of a kind to infect the argument which they illustrate with the contagion of unreality. Doctor Therne is a medical man who, after an unfortunate start, violates his conscience by achieving political as well as professional eminence in the character of an anti-vaccinationist. The result is that a plague of smallpox ravages the town where he is held in honour; that his only daughter—whom he could not vaccinate secretly without destroying her faith in him—is among its victims; and that, in the midst of an election harangue, her lover (writes the Doctor himself)

Caught me by the throat; with his left hand he gripped my linen and garment, and at one wrench ripped them from my body, leaving my 1-ft. b. east and shoulder naked. And there, patent on the arm, where every eye might read them, were—"

What? The reader will guess. The story will interest all who are interested in its subject; but, whatever may be the fate of its prediction at large, it will surely fail to convince anybody of the production by the medical profession of even one such hypocritical scoundrel as the "pitiable but unfortunate" Dr. Therne.

## "THE LOVE STORY OF MARGARET WYNNE"

Miss Adeline Sergeant's new novel should rather be called the "Martyrdom of Bayard Lestrade" than "The Love Story of Margaret Wynne" (F. V. White and Co.). That singularly accommodating young gentleman, christened Bayard through some feat of sponsorial prescience, took upon himself the blame for a forgery of his father's name committed by a sister-in-law. Under all the circumstances of the case, his self-sacrifice on the altar of chivalry was not without extenuating elements. But it is very hard to pardon his endurance of the domestic tyranny which formed one part of his punishment, and the Coventry into which he was sent by all his friends and neighbours. He should have left home, and made a career of his own. But then he would never have met and won the heart of Margaret; and we should have lost a story which is, at any rate, brightly written and pleasant to read.

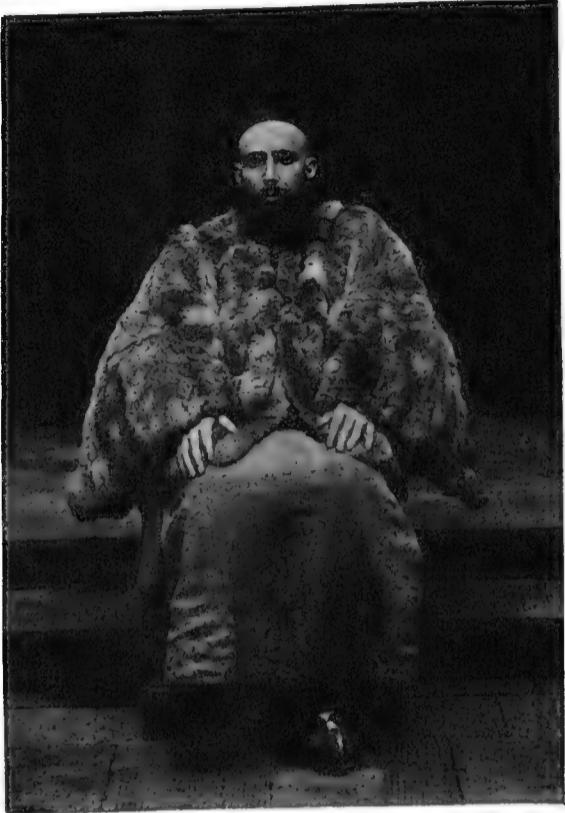
## "THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY"

Margaret Morris was a beautiful, virtuous, and altogether charming young Welsh girl, with a little boy whose father had died before marriage. Paul Austen was young English artist who fell in love with her; was rather startled by the discovery of her encumbrance; but, on being informed that it was only "The Custom of the Country," as Mr. John Finnemore calls his novel (Lawrence and Bullen), accepted the situation, married her, and became the stepfather of her little "Twm." His mother, not unnaturally, failed to understand the "custom" of Mynydd Bach; so there were consequent ructions, which her death brought to a comfortable conclusion. A very thin plot enables Mr. Finnemore to

introduce several picturesquely described episodes, such as an exciting search for little Twm when lost in a peat-bog, and an adventure with a mountain squall. His volume cannot be called a good novel; but it contains some good things—including a very genuinely Welsh colouring in respect of both lights and shadows.

## The Rebellion in Sz Chwan

THE rebellion which has disturbed the Province of Sz Chwan, in Western China, for many months, writes a correspondent, has again attracted more public attention by the unexpected release of Father Fleury, the French priest, who was captured by Yu Man Tsz and his



FATHER FLEURY

A French Priest released after seven months' captivity among Chinese Rebels  
Photo by R. J. Davidson

followers, and held in captivity, an enormous sum being demanded for his ransom. A Roman Catholic station was attacked in the summer of 1898; one of the priests escaped, and the other, Father Fleury, was taken by the Rebels. During his captivity numberless reports have been circulated, many of which are now proved to be true. He was taken, as reported, round the city of Tung

Liang; he was paraded in a chair in one place after another; the rebels were afraid to kill him, though they beat him with the back of a sword! The Provincial Treasurer was—after many false rumours, really found to have started to overcome the rebels and, after much delay, he succeeded in impressing upon the country gentry the probability of his overcoming the rebel party and causing great destruction of life and property; so they persuaded Yu to allow his prisoner to escape! Father Fleury arrived safely in the city of Chung King in the month of January, where the portrait, which we now reproduce, was taken, he being dressed in various garments given to him to meet his necessities; his outside fur jacket was given to him by the Provincial Treasurer, his gown was the gift of the gentry, while his trousers belonged to the rebel Yu, and his shoes to the local magistrate.

Meanwhile the rebels are scattered, and a serious state of things remains which requires prompt and adequate attention. In the city of Chung King were, at the time of Father Fleury's escape, some sixty English and American missionaries met in conference from the three Western Provinces—Sz Chwan, Yunnan, Kwei Cheo. The conference over, they were desirous of returning to their stations, but the first attempt proved the warning given by H. B. M. Consul and the Tao T'a only too true. The Rev. C. Parsons of the C. I. M., had only journeyed one day from Chung King when he was attacked by a band of ruffians, and only escaped with his life by diving into the river and catching hold of a Sedan chair which had been overturned from a boat in the assault. His servant, a native Christian, was attacked, the fingers of one hand badly cut, and he taken into captivity to no one knows what! The Tao T'a now urges no other foreigners to leave the city for a few days. Practically, therefore, the conference missionaries may be said to be under official protection within city walls, though, doubtless, they will make another attempt to get to their homes ere long. Captain Pottinger, was in Chung King at the same time, heading the survey party commissioned to report on a railway route between Sz Chwan, Yunnan, Fu, and Kun Lung Ferry. He also tried to leave Chung King, and a day or two after was reported to have been attacked, but no definite information has been sent confirming the report. The British Consul is out of the city, being busy in the province of Kwei Cheo trying to get the actual murderers of Mr. Fleming brought to justice. Altogether a more unrestful state of things could hardly be reported, and no one can say what more there is to follow.

HAYDN'S BIRTHPLACE HAS JUST BEEN BURNED DOWN—a modest little thatched cottage in the village of Rohrau on the Austro-Hungarian frontier. There the future great composer was born in March, 1732, the eldest of the fourteen children of the poor wheelwright, Mathias Haydn. The cottage has long been a point of pilgrimage with music-lovers, so happily the visitors' book containing many famous names was saved from the fire.

THE PORTRAIT OF THE NEW FRENCH PRESIDENT immediately after his appointment always figures in the next Paris Salon, but there is very little time left for M. Loubet to be painted ready for this year's display. M. Bonnat, the well-known portrait painter, has taken every President except M. Casimir-Perier, whose term of office was too brief, so he is being urged to set to work at once. Madame Loubet's likeness was in last year's Salon, painted by M. Layraud.

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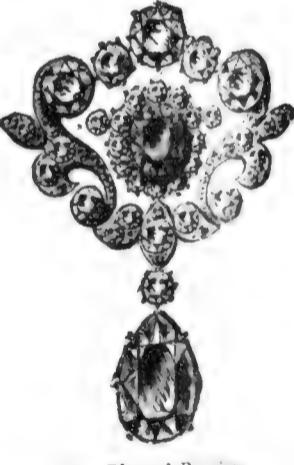
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## Mess Plate

THE splendid mess plate, which we illustrate this week, belongs to the 12th (Prince of Wales's) Royal Lancers. It is the accumulation of many years, and includes a very handsome large ewer, presented in 1843 by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, then a cornet in the regiment. The large centre piece is the Army Racquet Challenge Cup. Of this trophy the officers are naturally proud, as their regiment, represented by Major Eastwood and Captain Crawley, have won it six years out of seven. Amongst other valuable cups is a small one of solid gold, of Indian workmanship, valued at 100 guineas, and won by Colonel Broadwood, at present in command of the Egyptian Cavalry. This cup is shown standing in the centre of a small table on the right of the ram's head. Most of the plate has been contributed by past and present officers of the regiment.

## The Price of a Red Hat

WHEN in secret con-  
sistory, says *The Golden  
Penny*, the Pope resolves to send the calotte and the red cap to his future cardinal—priest or layman—a noble, one of the guards, is chosen by him to carry the calotte in its silken box to the elect. The cardinal to be, pays into the hands of the messenger a gratification of 500*l.* A second messenger, called the able-gate (*legatus vice gerant*), carries the beret, and is presented by the newly appointed cardinal with the sum of 250*l.* for himself, and 100*l.* for his secretary, who accompanies him. The third and last messenger receives a gratuity according to the generosity of the cardinal to be.

There is another bill to pay: the parchment on which the Bull is written and the wax of the seal add the sum of (approximately) 100*l.* Then comes the bill of the jeweller of the propaganda—the cardinal's ring, which calls for an expenditure of 110*l.* The cardinal's tailor furnishes four costumes or suits of clothes; the number is fixed by ecclesiastical regulations. The dress worn on festivals or gala occasions costs not less than 200*l.* Then there is the bill of the hatter, who furnishes four hats with four different titles. The hatter is obliged to keep the hats in repair—that is to say, it is his business to see that the green and

ness among the impecunious, and as soon as it is known that he is dead the procession begins to move. It is an even race between them and the treasurer of the Propaganda, for whoever gets first to the house of death seizes the spoils—if the treasurer of the Propaganda gets first to the palace he takes possession of the dead cardinal's property, and distributes it through the channels of the mission to the poor of the world. Happily the cardinal has no debts. If at his death it should be found that he has unpaid bills, the Pope, who is the earthly universal father, pays them.



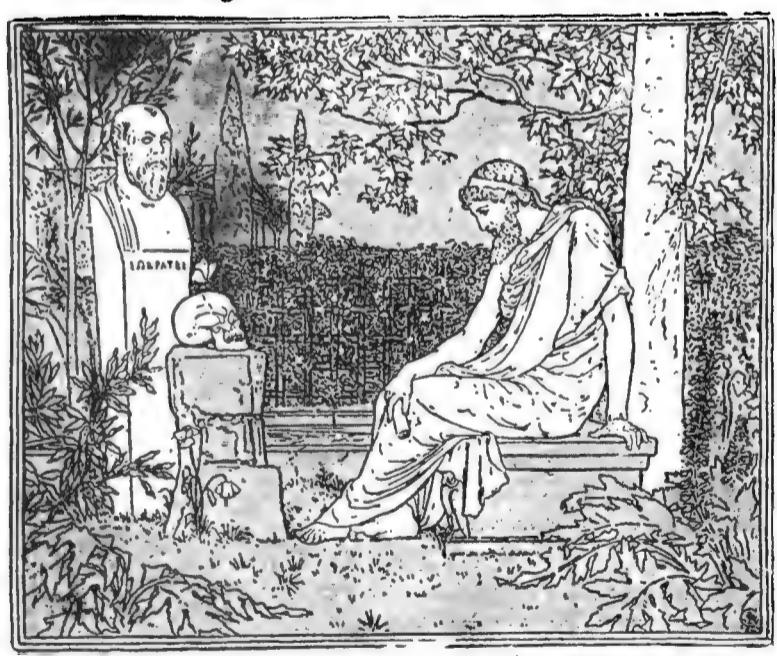
THE MESS PLATE BELONGING TO THE 12TH (PRINCE OF WALES'S) ROYAL LANCERS

Photograph by C. Knight, Aldershot

'No Voice however feeble lifted up for Truth Ever Dies.'—Whittier.

# HUMAN NOBLENESS!

'Every Noble Crown is, and on earth will for ever be, a CROWN OF THORNS.'—T. Carlyle.



PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POPPY, ABOUT 400 B.C.

## WAR!

O world! O men!  
What are ye, and our best designs,  
That we must work by crime to punish crime,  
And slay as if death had but this one gate?  
Byron.

'In Life's Play the Player of the Other Side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always Fair. Just, and Patient, but we also know to our Cost that he never Overlooks a Mistake. It's for you to find out WHY YOUR EARS ARE BOXED.'—Huxley.

## DESTINY, or to Live for this Day ONLY.

**THE COST OF WAR.**—'GIVE ME THE MONEY that has been SPENT in WAR and I will PURCHASE EVERY FOOT of LAND upon the Globe; I WILL CLOTHE every MAN, WOMAN, and CHILD in an attire of which KINGS and QUEENS would be proud; I WILL BUILD a SCHOOL-HOUSE on EVERY HILL-SIDE and in every valley over the whole earth; I WILL BUILD an ACADEMY in EVERY TOWN, and endow it, a college in every state, and will fill it with able professors; I WILL CROWN every hill with a PLACE OF WORSHIP consecrated to the promulgation of the GOSPEL OF PEACE; I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer the chime on another round the earth's wide circumference, and the VOICE OF PRAYER and the SONG OF PRAISE should ascend like a UNIVERSAL HOLOCAUST to HEAVEN.'—Richard.

Why All this Toil and Strife? There is Room enough for All.

WHAT IS TEN THOUSAND TIMES

## MORE TERRIBLE THAN REVOLUTION OR WAR?

'I WILL TELL YOU WHAT IS TEN TIMES and TEN THOUSAND TIMES MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR—OUTRAGED NATURE!!! SHE KILLS AND KILLS, and is NEVER TIRED OF KILLING TILL SHE HAS TAUGHT MAN THE TERRIBLE LESSON HE IS SO SLOW TO LEARN, THAT NATURE would strike the strong man, with the musket or the pickaxe in his hand. Ah! would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of PREVENTIBLE SUFFERING—the mass of PREVENTIBLE AGONY of MIND and BODY—which exists in England year after year.'—Kingley.

## CONQUEST!! EMPIRE!!! THE GREATEST OF ALL EARTHLY POSSESSIONS.

•HEALTH is the GREATEST of all POSSESSIONS, and 'tis a maxim with me that a HALE COBBLER is a BETTER MAN than a SICK KING.'—Rickerstaff.

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gold cords which belong to the hats are kept fresh and spotless. After the "tips" are distributed and the alms given, and after the costumes and hats are paid for, the cardinal's palace must be arranged. The arrangements are made according to strict rule. There must be just such a number of rooms, and they must be arranged in just such order. The cardinal must accompany the procession and keep the cardinal's countenance as that of a number of servants, and a number of some equipage drawn by two matched black horses. It is a difficult and expensive to maintain a stud. They must be superb animals, perfect in every way. They wear their costumes of velvet blackness. At the west estimate these expenses cover not less than 2,000*l.*

Let death come, and if there remain among his belongings a few pounds which he has managed to save in the constant demands upon his never filled purse, they belong to the poor. A cardinal's death is the signal for a general stampede of the beggars, who are his lawful heirs. When the cardinal is known to be at the point of death there is a general alert-

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 FOR  
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	PAGES
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PART II.—DOGS	77—112
PART III.—BIRDS	113—130
PART IV.—CATTLE	131—170

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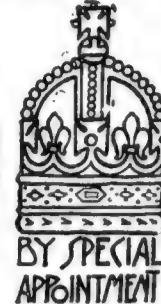
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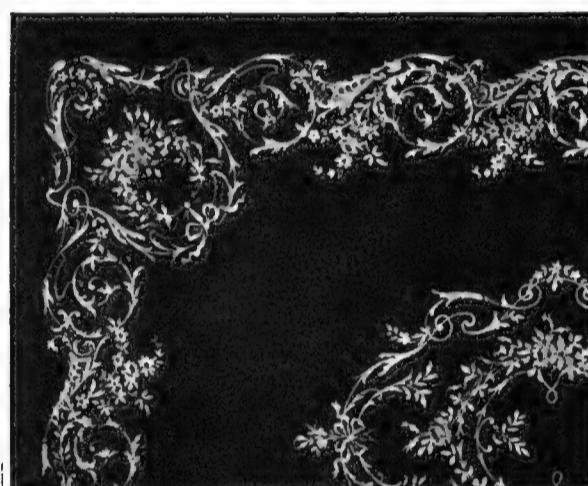
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## "Place aux Dames"

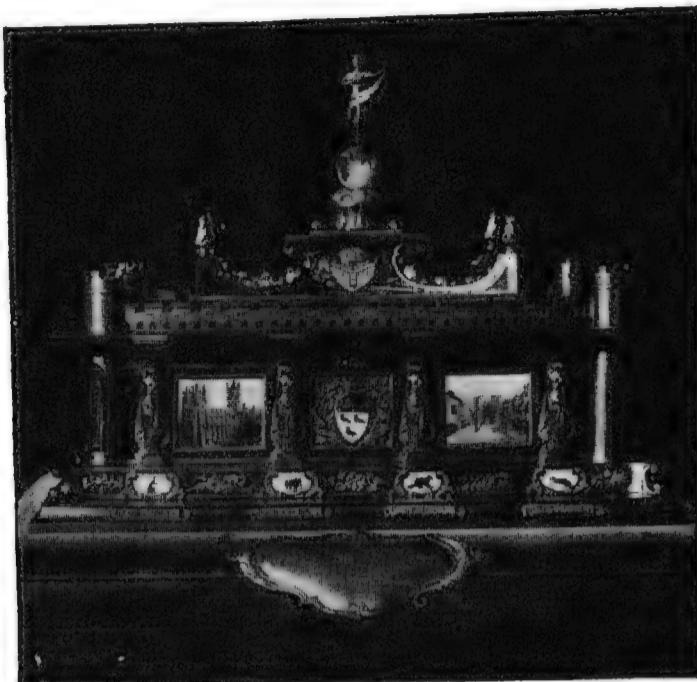
BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE terrible fire at a fashionable hotel in New York ought certainly to give rise to fresh restrictions and precautions on the part of hotel-keepers. At the same time, individuals themselves are bound to do what they can for their own safety. If in a large hotel, in broad daylight, it is difficult to escape, one trembles to think what would have been the result in the dead of the night. Yet fires generally take place when the household is wrapped in slumber. We pin our faith far too much on the efforts of firemen and the proximity of fire-escapes. Why should not every house be provided with its own means of escape? I know a lady who invariably travels with a coil of rope at the bottom of her trunk for emergencies. An excellent precaution, yet few women, at least if they are stout and middle-aged, possess the agility and experience to swarm down a rope, not an easy thing in view of terror and agitation, with death in the near distance. Then there are such things as canvas sheets, with which everyone might be provided. They are easy to manage, and will afford amusement to guests staying in a house when experiments are made with them. All young girls should practise climbing, hanging on to ropes, and the exercises which enable one to escape from a difficult position in a burning house. Every other possible means of escape should be provided, rope ladders, outside staircases, &c. If every householder looked after the safety of his own family and trained his servants in the necessary duties, one would hear far less of loss of life from fires, and such a calamity as that of the Windsor Hotel would become almost an impossibility. As it is, we trust implicitly to the fire brigade, and are only shaken out of our apathy by the record of some horrible accident.

Rome has never been fuller than it is just now. It was supposed that the abolition of the Easter Church ceremonies, and the retirement of the Pope, would check the influx of foreigners. But it has not been so. All the hotels are crammed, and the English form a goodly proportion of their inmates. Last week the British Ambassador and Lady Currie gave their first formal reception. The gentlemen were uniformed, which showed up the pretty dresses of the ladies in the ballroom, where the electric light, charmingly arranged in old crystal chandeliers, and recently installed by Lord Currie, gave brilliancy to the scene. Lady Currie looked splendid in a dress of yellow satin, embroidered in crystal of pearls, and a fine pearl necklace; her daughter, Madame de Groot, wore black with emeralds and diamonds, and the bracelet given her by the Sultan as an aigrette in her hair. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the champion of Protestantism, seemed nowise incommoded by the atmosphere of Catholicism around him, and among the company many familiar English faces might be seen. Lady Headfort and her daughter, Colonel and Mrs. Needham, Lady Lewis, Lady Kenmare, Mrs. Crawshay, Lady Mildred Alsopp, Mrs. Peace, and others have apartments or are staying

at hotels, while the Duke of Cambridge, Lady Shrewsbury, and Ouida are among those expected shortly.

The accident which occurred to Madame Melba recently, when a statuette fell from its pedestal on to her head, and she narrowly escaped severe injuries, reminds one of the dangers of cosy corners, unless they are properly fixed. People crowd china on the top of them, sometimes even lamps, and as you push back your chair or lean your head against the drapery the whole edifice sways and trembles. The least misfortune to be apprehended is that the china



Mr. Henniker Heaton last week was presented with the freedom of the City of Canterbury, encased in a handsome casket, in recognition of his successful efforts on behalf of Imperial Penny Postage. The body of the casket is made of oak from Canterbury Cathedral  
CASKET PRESENTED TO MR. J. HENNIKER HEATON, M.P., AT CANTERBURY  
THE TRIUMPH OF PENNY POSTAGE

falls and is broken, but the unwary person sitting in one of these nooks of repose runs a grave risk of injury. Especial sinners are the afternoon tea-rooms in this respect, where the ornaments and the wooden framework attached to the settee are of the flimsiest description, and the slightest abrupt movement must bring the whole affair about your ears. Englishwomen are far too fond of make-shifts: a cosy corner should be as solid as any other part of the decorations of a room.

Not a bad idea was that I heard of lately. It seems that flats, as we understand them, two or three small rooms, with a diminutive

kitchen and dust-bin, and a feeling of oppression and smell of food pervading everything, have ceased to give satisfaction; they are expensive, uncomfortable, and a waste of energy. People, especially women living alone, sigh for something better. Meanwhile large mansions, in which their owners are unable to live, stand empty and cannot find a tenant. Why not take a leaf from the practice of foreign towns and let them out in apartments? One large kitchen, in which meals could be served separately, might be arranged, and space and comfort attained at a very moderate cost. Men have already adopted this idea to some extent, and are in chambers in a big building; it remains for the plan to be extended more extensively to women and small families to solve the problem of the kitchen to be settled.

Large airy rooms are a real boon in London, and surely we might learn another foreign custom—that of having our meals served by a restaurateur, which would save endless waste, the expenditure of time and worry caused by busy and thrifless cooks.

Though the days of poets and patrons are numbered, there are still people who can make a success of a publication or a success. Mr. Gladstone's congratulatory cards gave a fictitious sale to many a commonplace author, and now the Emperor of Germany's telegram of sympathy on account of Mr. Kipling's illness has, it seems, caused a great and sudden demand for his works in German, when up to the present they were almost unknown. The Emperor's words served the purpose of a splendid gratuitous advertisement, and advertisement nowadays means success. The patron of the poet is the voice of the advertiser, and even Kings and Emperors may play the part to good effect. For this reason people have even been known to announce their own deaths in order to enjoy the valuable flicker of a passing fame. The power of advertisement is the power of the mob; it is fickle, it is vulgar, but it is strong and undeniable.

The seasons seem to be changing. They will soon need to be rechristened. Winter begins in March and summer only in July. If one could but persuade nature of this, how much better it would be. Then we should not read of the sad wreck of almond and fruit blossoms, of havoc and destruction wrought among the peach and apricot crops, or the early vegetables. It is quite too soon for trees to put forth leaves and blossoms in March. Every year the same thing happens and the fruit suffers, but nature will not learn wisdom, nor will fashion. At a certain time the shop windows exhibit airy trifles and gossamer fabrics which set the wary shivering and the wise teeth to chatter. Furs should be donned late in the winter and never doffed till April. It is the spring that brings the influenza, kills the old, and leaves the "smart" woman shivering in her new fashions. The old superstition still lingers that spring means warmth and love and youth, whereas in reality it only means that our winter hats are shabby, and that we are dying to buy something new and airy, even at the risk of colds and catarrhs. It is all the fault of the nomenclature of the months. If only March were dubbed January it would be well. Nobody thinks of spring in January, and nobody would leave off their wraps and catch cold.

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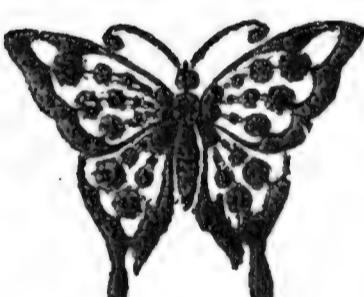
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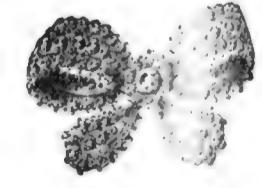
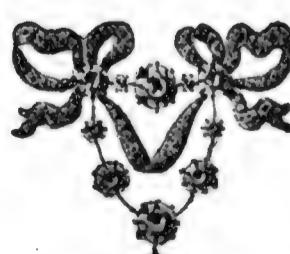
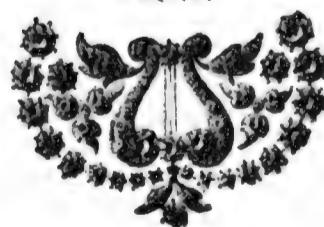
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Prepared in England

from various  
Foreign Borates.



"Californian" is the Queen of antiseptics. Until "Californian" Borax was placed in the hands of the public, housewives hesitated to use antiseptics at all because a different one was required for different cases.

The doctor's or chemist's directions even then had to be obtained and followed. To use any one of them indiscriminately was to do more harm than good.

There was not then an antiseptic that was safe to use for multifarious purposes; there was not one that was so simple in its properties and action that the only guide needed in its use was the common sense of housewives.

The success of "Californian" over all other antiseptics is accounted for by its being non-poisonous, non-caustic, and by its being absolutely safe under all circumstances.

Its success may be equally attributed to its cheapness, and the fact that it is sold by all Grocers, Oilmen, and Stores everywhere.

Until we exploited "Californian," purity in Borax was a rare thing, and such Borax could only be obtained from chemists at chemists' prices.

Every joint and every fish should, before cooking, be washed in water in which a little "Californian" has been dissolved. No matter how fresh the joint may be, "Californian" will promote its sweetness and flavour. Moreover it will safeguard you against any possible contamination of the butcher's or fishmonger's knife, which may have passed through some diseased organ.

The cost is nothing.

The trouble is not worth mentioning.

The advantages are great.

"Californian" should also be dissolved in the water in which you wash greasy dishes and other cooking utensils. It will penetrate to the most secretive places and remove all possibility of disease.

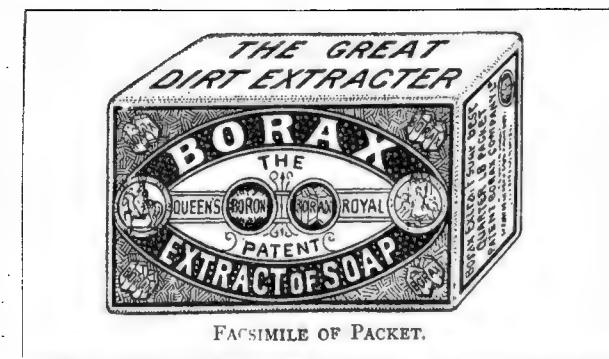
We have published a booklet, "The Household Treasure," in which the principal uses of "Californian" are set forth.

We shall be pleased for you to write for a copy of this booklet.

# Borax Starch Glaze.



# Borax Extract of Soap



There is one thing that is as important on washing day as water, and that is Borax Extract of Soap.

Formerly a good washerwoman, plenty of rain water, and any kind of soap, were considered the essentials, but since then the aesthetic taste of ladies has been developed until now even clothes are examined with critical eyes.

Some clothes come from the wash whiter and sweeter than others.

Some are neither white nor sweet.

They have gone through all the operations of washing, but they are not washed.

Several things may account for their not being satisfactory, but you will find in many cases that the major part of the trouble arises from the wrong soap being used.

Soap is a dirt extractor.

Almost any soap will extract dirt if enough of it be used, but any soap will not do the work in a cleanly and thorough way.

On the other hand some soap preparations go to work so energetically that they not only extract dirt, but also play havoc with the fabric and the washerwoman's hands.

To make a soap that loosens dirt and removes stains, and that does it without injuring the clothes, good honest materials and experience have to be employed, and the manufacturers must have a strong will to resist the temptation to adulterate.

It is the same in washing preparations as in everything else, the best goes the farthest and is the cheapest.

Borax Extract of Soap is the best.

It consists of pure, antiseptic soap in fine powder, and will dissolve immediately in cold, warm, or hot water.

It is then ready for instant use.

You may buy it in  $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb.,  $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb., and 1-lb. packets at grocers, oilmen, and stores everywhere.

By Special  
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Makers to  
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LONDON HOUSE: 129, HIGH HOLBORN.

GLASGOW HOUSE: 69, BUCHANAN STREET.

THE sudden change in the weather at the vernal equinox is not to be reckoned among the events that are not predictable, for it is a very general observation that the two equinoxes are the times of the year when weather change is most to be looked for. That after a severe winter the sun's crossing the line should be a signal for spring is accepted by the hopeful as a mere commonplace, but it is curious that there seems to have been no pessimist to point out that the same situation after a "winterless winter" would indicate a change to Arctic conditions on or about March 21. The records of the past century show that the change is frequent enough. Within our own memory we can recall very heavy snow on March 24, 1879, in 1870 the snow lay three feet deep in the country lanes at the same date, and on March 26 there were twenty degrees of frost. We cannot personally recall any heavy snowfall after April had arrived, but on April 16, 1835, there was a heavy fall in London and all over England. April temperature is, on the whole, very equable—sunshine without much heat and showers without much cold. We seldom get through May without a brief spell of greater

cold than any experienced in April. The present year has not seen so much damage done by the cold spell as in 1898, as vegetation was by no means so forward. But the orchards in the south-west have sustained some injury, and the season has been set back quite a fortnight.

## SEASONABLE WEATHER LORE

It is remarkable that March 29, 30, and 31, should be regarded in many places as the worst of the whole year. The proverb is met with in two forms. In the first, the days are called "the borrowing days." This is itself a very queer title, for it points to an idea, quite without historical foundation, that March once had only twenty-eight days like February. Sir Walter Scott knew the proverb, and explained it as meaning that "March borrowed three days from April to extend his wintry sway," but this is a modern and poetical way of looking at an old adage, and the bad reputation of these three days would not extend to an April period. The tale is very old, for a new proverb itself quite early says that the "worst blast of the year comes in the borrowing days," a sign that the days were already recognised when the further note of them was made. The festival of the Annunciation (March 25) is said in its presages to reverse that of the Purification (February 2), for whereas Candlemas Day should be inclement if the year is to be fine, Lady Day should be fine in order that the season should be the same. What happens when both festivals are fine or both foul the proverb sayeth not. Howe in his "Day Book" tells us that the oxlip flowers on March 29 and the cardamine on the 30th

in an average year. He gives the white violet, the crown imperial, the wood anemone, the red polyanthus, and the common dandelion as flowering early in April. Forster says that the willow wren and the stone curlew should arrive before March is out.

## TEMPERATURE

At a depth of four-and-twenty feet it never goes below 48 deg. Fahr., and this is in June. In November it is 52 deg., and the mean of the year is 50 deg., the same as at the surface, only on the ground the range is vastly greater, from zero or even below that in some winters to over a hundred degrees in the sun. We constantly forget this remarkable fact of nature that the temperature is thus uniform at no great depth. The French do not forget, because in keeping this uniformity the conditioning of much of their wine depends. But might not English farmers recollect that this simplicity of all methods of cool storage is at their disposal? The soil dug up is useable, and the cellarage would save much loss, especially in the hot weather. At twelve feet the temperature varies from 46 deg. the lowest, which is in April, to 56 deg. the highest, which is in September. Winter cold penetrates the first twelve feet of soil fairly rapidly, and summer heat the same, but the second twelve feet opposes a much stouter resistance. The surface soil reaches a heat of seventy degrees in July and sinks to forty degrees in January. The temperature of April shows a greater rise from that of March than does that of March from February. The sun's altitude on February 1 is 24° 17', on March 10 34° 33', a rise of twelve points. But on April 10 it is 46° 35', a rise of twelve points.

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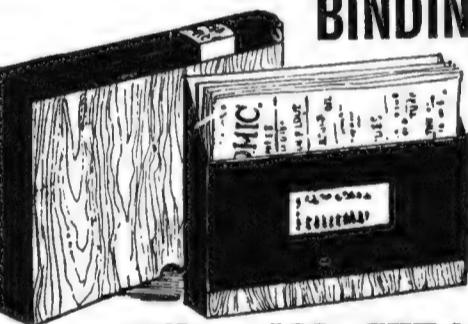
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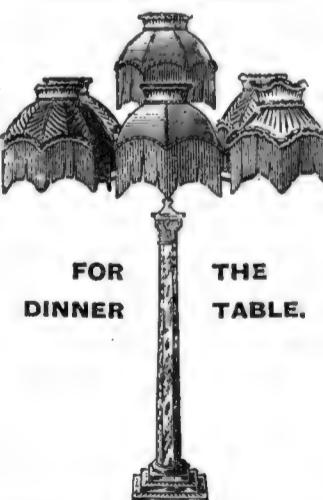
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## THE GRAPHIC

## COMPENSATION AND THE RATES

There can be little doubt that the tendency to put all sorts of burdens on the rates and taxes is by no means confined to one political party. It is simply the modern method of being popular for the time being. The recent deputation to the Conservative Minister of Agriculture was witness to this, and the way the deputation is backed up by the whole force of two most Conservative callings, the farmers and the butchers, confirms the original observation. Yet the deputation's demand is purely Socialistic, affirming that where a special burden falls on any one class it should be shifted to the shoulders of the State. When an animal is

found to be suffering from tuberculosis, and the flesh is consequently unfit for human food, the Government is asked to pay for the meat. Not only do the butchers demand this, but thirty out of our forty counties support their demand so far as county agricultural societies can support it. In favour of the payment of compensation there is the obvious fear that if the meat is not paid for the butcher will try to sell it. Even if it is sold for dogs' and cats' meat, the danger may return to us through these domestic favourites. The Government are said to be united in resisting this claim, but they have given no clear answer, and meanwhile pressure of a very pernicious kind is being brought to bear. Yet, if there is to be a State payment as compensation to a man for disease in his cattle,

why not for his own ailments? A man of affairs who is laid up for a month may easily lose the value of a whole farmyard in actual money injury to his interrupted business.

MR. ANDREW MACCALLUM writes:—"Will you please allow me to correct an error in your weekly issue of Saturday, the 18th inst., where I am spoken of as the late charming artist, Mr. Andrew MacCallum. Allow me to say that I am very much alive, and after sitting out before nature for upwards of fifty years, trying to bring some sunlight on to our great city walls, I am now engaged in the very arduous attempt to clear the murky atmosphere of smoke."



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**THE SUN**, April 21 last, in an article on the Treatment of Defective Eyesight, says:—

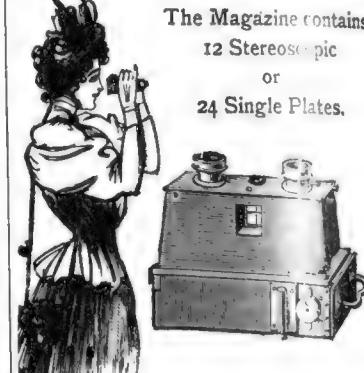
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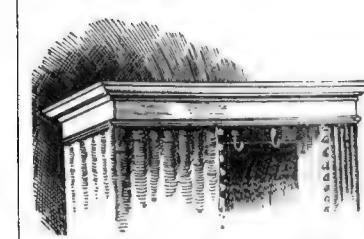
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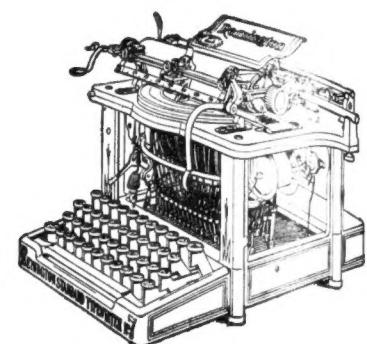
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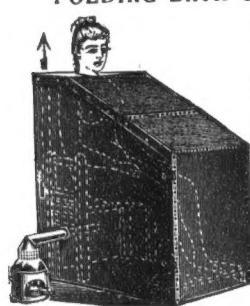
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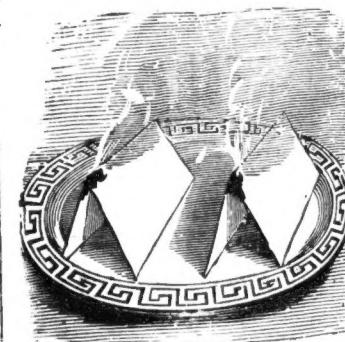
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